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Special Supplement

Kingsley Martin on Nehru's India

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'Keep All the H-Bombs!'

BOTH Mr John Strachey's pamphlet, *Scrap All the H-bombs,* and Mr Hugh Gaitskell's foreword to it provide striking—though carefully concealed—proof of the gulf which now separates official Labour Party policy, as expressed in the joint NEC-TUC declaration, and the thinking of the small cabal which controls the party leadership. The joint declaration was an attempt to achieve a compromise by outlining a series of specific proposals—suspension of tests and H-bomb patrols, disengagement, no missile-sites until after Summit talks—on which the Labour movement was generally agreed; but it emphasised that these proposals did not represent a final definition of Labour policy, and that discussions would continue.

Discussions have not continued—except, we understand, among a secret and select group of party leaders, outside the framework of the party constitution. Instead, Mr Gaitskell first attempted to foist upon the National Executive the Strachey pamphlet—which presents a partisan case for a Big-Bomb Britain—and, frustrated in this, has now issued it with a gushing foreword which contains one important, and highly significant, mis-statement. The pamphlet, says Gaitskell, 'in the view of the National Executive Committee . . . sets forth clearly many of the considerations which led to the formulation of Labour's policy'. On the contrary, the NEC has refused to give official endorsement to this pamphlet precisely because it travesties Labour policy and pointedly omits many of the considerations which led to its formulation.

But the pamphlet is misleading in another, and more fundamental, respect. Both the title, and its opening pages, are an attempt to persuade the public that Labour is primarily concerned with abolition of the bomb, and therefore in total disagreement with government defence policy. For this purpose, Mr Strachey reprints the joint declaration and makes extensive use of selective quotations, tendentiously interpreted, from Mr Bevan's Brighton speech. It is notable, however, that he has little to say about Mr Sandys's White Paper—to which the party leadership is allegedly opposed—and in particular about Sandys's statement that Britain will retaliate with strategic nuclear weapons in the event of a Soviet conventional attack. Indeed, how could he, since he is already on record as holding that, in such an event, Britain would have to pursue a policy of 'raising the odds'—that is, matching every Soviet weapon with one in a higher category, until the megaton pinnacle is reached? Not surprisingly, therefore, he refuses to ask the crucial question: 'Would Labour use the H-bomb first?' because he knows the logic of his own policy says: 'Yes'.

In the second half of the pamphlet he gingerly lowers the mask. He seeks to refute the case for British renunciation of the bomb by distorting some of the arguments in favour, and totally omitting the strongest ones. Above all, he fails to mention that a negotiated British renunciation might prove the best means of preventing the emergence of the Fourth Nuclear Power. Instead, there is an artful reiteration of the arguments Macmillan and Sandys have used to defend British possession. We must have the H-bomb because it gives us 'power to influence events in general' (p. 15). We need our own deterrent because we must not be 'wholly dependent on American protection' (p. 15). Indeed, on page 16 he actually states that British renunciation would encourage Russia to embark on military adventures, thus accepting in its entirety the conventional Dulles view that Moscow is fundamentally committed to a policy of unlimited military expansion. The key argument, however, comes on page 17. After quoting a Gallup Poll showing that British voters were 3 to 1 against scrapping the bomb, Strachey adds: 'If the Labour Party adopted such a policy it would neither receive, nor deserve, the confidence of the British people'.

The British electorate does not easily succumb to confidence tricks. If Mr Gaitskell and his friends are in basic agreement with government defence policy, they should say so. They should abandon their shadow-boxing in the House of Commons. They should scrap their pathetic 'national campaign'. And they should go to this year's party conference, state their views clearly and honestly, and ask for a mandate.

Comments on the Week's News

The Press Acquitted

So much publicity was given, principally in the columns of *The Times*, to the complaints against the behaviour of the press, by Mr Fearon in the Mary Kriek case, and by Mr Milward in the Manchester United case, that the Press Council's findings on the two complaints deserve special attention. In brief, the press (with one possible and very minor reservation in the case of the *Daily Express*) is completely acquitted of Mr Milward's charges of intrusion, which, in the Press Council's view, were mistaken as to fact. Mr Fearon's complaints are held to have had some substance in three particular matters, one concerning the *Daily Mail*, one the *Daily Express*, and one 'five or six' unidentified press cars. But Mr Fearon failed to substantiate his general charges against 'a majority of the national press' and was responsible, in good faith, for 'several misleading statements'. To feel satisfaction at this outcome is not to be complacent about the existence of many undesirable practices in the gathering and selection of news. But the ghoulish delight with which so many of *The Times* correspondents assumed the worst without being in a position to check the facts, does no service to either the freedom or the decency of the daily press. The truth is that most people in positions of influence really prefer tame, conformist newspapers, which put good taste before news; while democracy is better served by a press which is ready, on behalf of its readers, to tear down the Establishment in pursuit of truth. What is intolerable is that, for reasons of commercial gain, editors should use their power to persecute individuals in their private affairs. This still happens far too often. But the existence of the Press Council, however timid and unimaginative it has often shown itself, does ensure that editors who transgress reasonable limits of decency will be publicly pilloried. Those who do not, are equally entitled to be protected from the slanders of people who dislike a popular press as such.

Co-operative Politics

The issue uppermost in the minds of the delegates to the annual conference of the Co-operative Party was the future relationship between the Co-ops and the Labour Party. Yet, on this issue, nothing definite was said about the protracted negotiations that have been going on between the Co-operative Union and Labour's National Executive. Some of the delegates, indeed, criticised the secrecy in which these talks have been held, and pointed out that the uncertainty about the status of local Co-operative parties and Co-operative sponsored candidates has led to difficulties in certain areas. While there has been a tendency in some local Labour parties recently to look askance at the political side of the Co-operative movement, it would be wrong to exaggerate these difficulties or to suggest that there is any prospect of a break between the Co-ops and the Labour Party. It seems that the Co-operative representatives have stymied the original Labour proposal that there should be six 'top level' Co-op MPs, and that the rest should take their place as ordinary members of the Parliamentary Labour Party. But the idea of limitation seems to persist – the present rumour is that Co-op representation is to be 'frozen' at something like the present level of 20 MPs and 10 prospective candidates. The case for rationing Co-op candidates in this way, while leaving the trade unions to nominate where they please, is based on the fact that the unions do affiliate directly to the Labour Party, whereas the Co-operative Party as such pays no national affiliation fee. This anomaly led some delegates to suggest that there should be a form of direct affiliation worked out which, unlike the Royal Arsenal method, would still permit the Co-operative Party to preserve its identity nationally and locally. If the new agreement with the Labour Party finally takes the form of a 'ration', there is likely to be increasing support in the Co-operative Party for direct affiliation – a change of attitude which could ultimately have interesting consequences on the voting at Labour Party conferences.

Confusion in Djakarta

The Indonesian government has now opened up a second front in the centre of the octopus-shaped island of Sulawesi (Celebes) against those who are supporting the Sumatran rebellion. In both islands the claims are similar, above all, a demand for greater autonomy. The central government has now made considerable headway in Sumatra, both by fighting and by the blockade of Padang, but military victory, even if attained, will not settle the quarrel: both sides, as Foreign Minister Subandrio stated last week, must seek a political solution. In Djakarta, there are many politicians, including Dr Hatta, whose sympathies are with the Sumatran claims but not with the rebellion. In Bukkittingi, signs of dissension have appeared among the leaders. The real danger lies in the propaganda battle between the Moscow-Peking axis and Washington. While President Sukarno and members of his government repeatedly emphasise their desire to stay clear of both world camps, the State Department seems determined to confuse issues by its statement that Java is relying on Communist arms to 'kill other Indonesians who are opposed to Communism'. Dr Subandrio has now replied to the American ambassador that, although orders for arms have been placed in Communist countries, similar orders in America have not been withdrawn. There is clearly much confusion and division of opinion among leaders in Djakarta. The Americans are using this confusion to make propaganda that this is a struggle to impose Communism on the Indonesian people. The Chinese and Russians are cashing in by quickly concluding agreements to supply textiles, rice, planes and ships.

Malta on the Brink

The danger of a complete breach in relations between Malta and Britain has suddenly ceased to be academically speculative and become immediately urgent. Mr Mintoff and his government, who are defiantly operating on an unsupported deficit, expect to run out of funds by the end of next week. They then intend to resign and demand a dissolution. What will the Colonial Office do then – suspend the constitution, or agree to a general election? If an election is held, Mr Mintoff is certain to ask for a mandate for independence, because neither this nor any other British government will consider granting his demand for guaranteed full employment as the price of integration. It already seems, indeed, as if the Maltese Prime Minister is now publicly recommending independence to his people. He appears to have been blinded by his visit to Libya, though it is not clear whether he is offering his people a Libyan standard of life or if he actually believes that he can hope to sell the wasting strategic assets of his little island in the same way as those of a vast mainland territory. The British government, to its credit, has tried to warn the Maltese people of the threat to their living standards which independence will inevitably produce. Yet the problem remains, and is now urgent. Is Britain to continue to govern arbitrarily in 'the best interests of the Maltese', or agree to their independence if it is demanded? There can only be one viable answer: if Malta decides for independence, she must have it with our friendly assistance and blunt warnings. But it is not too late for the British government to make a last effort to save the situation by showing a little less parsimony, or for Mr Mintoff to put aside his heroics and consider the real needs of his people.

NEXT WEEK

Comments on The Budget

The White-only Election

The South African 'white-only' general election next Wednesday will probably leave the Nationalists still more firmly entrenched in power. At present they have 96 members of the House out of 159, with a majority of 33. The new House will contain 163 members, four of them representing the newly separate Coloured electorate in the Cape. Both the big parties are committed to apartheid, although the opposition United Party, now led by Sir de Villiers Graaff, claims to be more benevolent. It is hoping to play on the fears of industrialists, who see with dismay how strict apartheid is likely to diminish their labour force and disperse their factories. As there is a growing number of Afrikaner industrialists in the towns this may have a wider appeal than previously, but it is unlikely to compete with the crude Nationalists appeals to 'vote with your blood' and protect '*die volk*'. Moreover, Non-Europeans are lending ammunition to the Nationalist forces. Strikes have been called for election week on demands for £1 a day wage and the abolition of passes and other discrimination. Similar attempts were made with varying success to hold such days of protest from 1950 onwards. This is the first time, however, that such Non-European protests have been timed to coincide with the white elections. If the Nationalists do secure a greater majority, it is possible that tensions will develop within their machine. Strydom is unlikely to last much longer as Prime Minister, and Verwoerd's recent resignation as Minister of Native Affairs, and his decision to stand for the House instead of the Senate, indicate a bid for the succession. Yet there are fears amongst the comparatively moderate Nationalists of the Cape, led by Dr Donges, that the extremism of the northerners is leading to violent revolution. Though a Nationalist split is still only the faintest of lights on the horizon, together with increasing restiveness in the business world, it might eventually prove that fatal flaw in white unity which alone can provide the Non-Europeans with their political opportunity.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

The End of Bulganin

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The notable thing about Bulganin's displacement is that it occurred so late. If anyone wants to know what is the real weight of the political power resting in the hands of the Chairman of the Council of Ministers, he has only to consider that for the past nine months the post was held by a man who (as every party member knew) had received the final reprimand which is the severest party penalty short of expulsion. Last summer Krushchev and his closest associates lost their confidence, not only in Bulganin's loyalty, but in his judgment too. It was mainly the risk to diplomatic preparations for Summit talks, involved in a change of the Soviet Union's number-one letter writer for reasons that could not conveniently be explained, that delayed Bulganin's displacement last July. That, and what seems to be a genuine effort by Krushchev to observe certain elementary rules of human decency in political life. Bulganin, no doubt, can think of worse fates for a discarded colleague than a bank chairmanship.

Nevertheless, the moment of departure was not without its poignancy; Bulganin, looking cold, tense and distant, occupying that very seat on the back bench to which Malenkov was relegated after his resignation by letter; Krushchev, introduced by the man who had presided over Stalin's Russia, appearing for once to be somewhat abashed by the occasion; the crowded diplomatic gallery, whose occupants had been at sixes and sevens over the impending change for weeks past. One's eyes were drawn, as Krushchev waded into his report on agriculture, to the front bench he had left to speak. There, besides Voroshilov, sat the three men on whose advice Krushchev relies so much that it would be erroneous to speak of an end of collective leadership—Mikoyan, Kirichenko and Suslov. Certainly the departure of a tired and inactive Bulganin from this group does not signify any essential change in the pattern of power.

Krushchev, it may be assumed, will not seek to lower the prestige of a state post which, after all, is the formal equivalent of that held by Harold Macmillan or Jawaharlal Nehru. It is no doubt felt here that, for the sake of clarity and to obviate any possibility of ambiguity, the chief Soviet negotiator in international discussions—not only at the Summit talks—should also be the figure who assumes solemn obligations on behalf of the state. The last thing that is desired here is that foreign governments should conceive of the Communist Party as a power which feels itself uncommitted by decisions taken by the Soviet state. For that reason official opinion here is pleased that foreign diplomatic reaction attributes the change in the governmental leadership to Krushchev's confidence that there will be a Summit meeting and that the occasion will be one of business-like negotiation. It is no secret that some influential neutral diplomats here have for some time been hinting to the Soviet leaders that the presence of Krushchev in any other capacity than leader of the Soviet delegation to a Summit conference would contribute an element of confusion.

On the other hand, it would be a surprise to all here if Krushchev's assumption of the premiership were to lead to an enhancement of the role of the Council of Ministers in national affairs. This body, its number and power greatly reduced by recent reforms, meets rarely compared to the Presidium of the party. The centre of power undoubtedly lies in the Central Committee buildings on Staraya Ploshad – and it is likely to remain there.

Washington

Coin-in-the-Slot

When the Senate is not engaged these days in passing emergency laws to right the economy or considering the appropriation of funds for a shot at the moon, it is as often as not engaged in debating the question of whether the public should have a chance to try out a pay-television system blessedly free of commercials – a system whereby the viewer puts coins in a slot on his set to pay for the programme.

The Federal Communications Commission, now under a fairly thick cloud, was all set to permit a three-year test of pay-TV when several strategically placed Congressmen warned that it had better do nothing of the sort without approval from Capitol Hill, which they would do their best to see was not forthcoming. The harried Commission swiftly retreated, and the debate now revolves around a measure to delay indefinitely any experiment that might permit viewers to choose between continuing to have their drama punctuated by the hawking of cheese, and buying culture unencumbered by commerce for something like 25 cents a programme.

Naturally enough, the three major networks are appalled at the prospect of competition in a free-enterprise system. In their own humanitarian fashion they have taken up arms on behalf of the poor viewer, who has up to now been regarded as at least sufficiently well off to buy the cars and dishwashers that have provided him with entertainment. Dr Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, sums up the case with simple eloquence: 'The consequences of pay-television will be a real misfortune for the American people. Viewers will have to pay for what they now receive free. . . . Where now the best in television is available to all Americans, pay-television will fence off the best for the carriage trade.'

What was perhaps less to be expected, because it is not strictly legal, was the extent to which the networks have used the public airways to promote their own cause and the degree to which their campaign has produced results. One station in Louisiana presented six programmes on the subject, all wholly one-sided, although regulations call for the pros and cons in any TV editorialising. The pay-television experiment was to be tried out only in areas that provided at least three free channels for one pay channel, but viewers were nevertheless given to understand that they would have to lay out around $700 a year to see the horse-and-gunsmoke operas they were now enjoying for nothing, and they were urged to write their Representatives to forestall this attempt on their wallets. As a result Senator Long received some ten thousand letters and postcards opposing pay-TV. Other stations resorted to the same tactics.

Aligned with the advertisers are some top leaders of organised labour and a number of its champions in Congress. Their argument – and no one questions their sincerity – is that with its rich potential revenues pay-TV will lure whatever is good in television now and leave those who cannot afford to pay for programmes stuck with an unvaried diet of soap and corn. An article in the *Nation* charges intellectual proponents of pay-TV with failing to recognize their social responsibility for the welfare of the larger population which enjoys less education and sophistication.

Contrasting the dismal state to which television has sunk with the vistas opened up by pay-TV, one can only consider this an argument for the dreariest possible cultural levelling in the name of democracy. At worst, the Westerns, the soap operas, the quiz shows, and the vaudeville acts would still be free, while much better fare, most of it undreamed of now, would be available to a whole family for much less than the price of a single movie ticket.

ROBERT BENDINER

Aldermaston

Against the Establishment

I waited for them at the Round Oak, some three miles out of Aldermaston, and watched the bustle. It was very cold; but the little crowd was expectantly gay, like a Boat Race crowd before the start. It was all very good humoured. Every now and again someone announced that the London marchers were just coming into sight. An hour passed. By now the traffic had stopped and one could hear birds twittering and far away the sound of bat on ball. One heard, too, the pub door shut for Time and saw the last drinkers come out into the grey day. Then suddenly there was the sound of a loudspeaker and up the gentle slope, over the cross roads, very slowly, came a helmeted motor-cycle policeman; and behind him, three abreast, came thousands of men, women and children. I watched them for more than an hour as they streamed past the Round Oak.

Some carried banners or posters—'Ban the bomb' perhaps, or, for light relief, 'Less fission, more chips'. Some called earnestly, even a little accusingly to the watchers, 'Come and join us'. Some, less earnestly, shouted, 'Get your bomb banned here' in imitation of a fairground barker. Near the head of the procession there was a skiffle group—at least, there was a boy with a washboard – but he was not playing at the moment. Further down there was a five-piece band of West Indians, playing beautifully; and here all the marchers within earshot were keeping step. What a collection this was. There were quite young children marching manfully, grown-ups shambling like children, men who looked as though they had learned to march in the army, men who looked as though they had never marched before in their lives. There were girls, here and there, who, even if they had not been marching for three days and slept in wet clothes, would still probably have looked a 'sight' with their tatty jeans and horse-tail hair. There were girls, here and there, who looked so pretty that a group of young boys who had been inclined to jeer began to whistle instead and surreptitiously tagged themselves on. There were men who walked a little sheepishly, wondering perhaps what their neighbour in Surbiton would think if he could see them now; and there were thousands of ordinary-looking people, with no oddity in their dress or looks or bearing, who

just marched steadily. At last the tail of the procession, a little ragged now, came by, and the watchers at the Round Oak joined on behind for the last few miles, walking diffidently, not because we were ashamed to be seen in a procession, but because we felt we were there on false pretences among those who had marched all the way. Just in front of me was an active Labour Party worker. Beside him was a tall, grey-haired man, pushing an invalid woman in a chair. As he passed them, little groups of onlookers clapped and called, 'Well done, sir'. Behind me were three tough ex-servicemen. We passed a tree in which a man was sitting holding a board with the words 'Peace through strength' on it. The three ex-servicemen, with good humour and admirable precision, told him what he could do with his board.

Now we could see the field which was the end of the journey and soon we were in it, five thousand, eight thousand, more. I could not tell. But those who had marched all the way gratefully felt the soft turf under their feet. A few flopped down and went to sleep. Most listened to the rounding-off speeches. All looked content.

Had it been worth it, the rain, the cold, the trudging? Would it do any good? Would it do anything at all? I who only saw the march without really being a part of it was extraordinarily impressed. I believe that the effect on those who took part will be lasting. They made what for most of them was an unusual effort, an effort quite outside their natural behaviour, and having made their assertion they will stick to it. I also believe that the tremendous publicity, helpful and unhelpful, which the march received has aroused consciences all over the country and that the sense of community which was born in a field at Aldermaston will spread.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Marching on to Page One.

Only the *Express*, the *Sketch* and the *Mirror* failed to give the Aldermaston march front-page treatment in Saturday's morning papers. And, although the *Express* left all mention off its front page, it did the marchers proud on its main news page, with two pictures (one double column, one three-column) and a six-column banner headline, '4,000 Join Ban H-Bomb March'. The *Sketch*, too, although keeping its front page for the weather and a £3 fine for a lady accused of acting improperly in a Kensington Square, gave the march two five-column pictures and the main news story on its back page, and another three pictures on the inside. Smallest coverage of all on this first day, oddly enough, was in the *Mirror*. It gave only a short, strictly factual, report on a subsidiary inside page, with one picture. Heading: 'They're Off on H-Bomb March'.

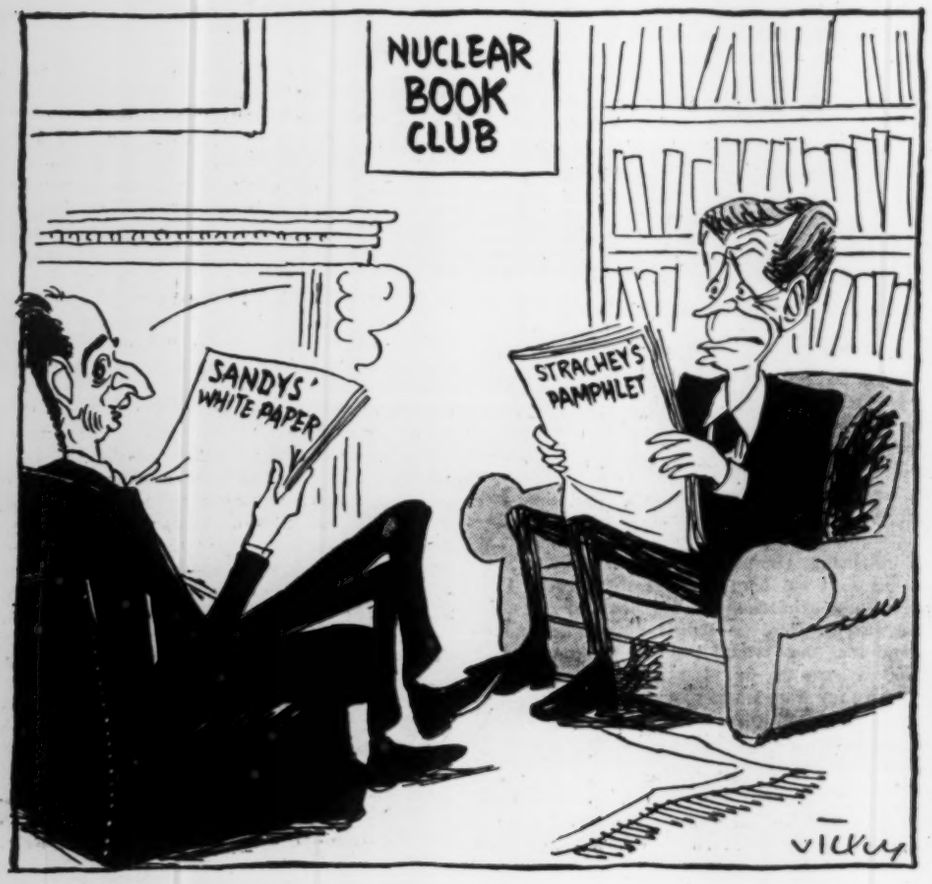
All the others gave the march main news treatment. Indeed, *The Times*, conscious perhaps of the lifted eyebrows caused by its previous failure to give any report of all of the initial Russell-Priestley meetings which opened the Campaign, actually gave the march a double-column report on its main news page. The story, while reporting that 'qualitatively, then, we may agree that the campaign got off to a sufficiently good start to suggest that the leaders have made popular headway since they first met in committee', decided that 'those present with pacifist, humanitarian and religious motives' were 'only a leaven, it seemed, to the Communists, Trotskyists, fellow travellers of one sort and another, and Labour extremists'. The *Telegraph's* front page headline read 'Motley 4,000 Begin H-Bomb Procession: Jive to Red Flag in Carnival Air'. The *Manchester Guardian*, with a four-column picture and a two-column story on its front page (Headlines: 'Early Defections In March to Aldermaston: But 2,000 Still in the Running') came to a conclusion opposite to that of *The Times*: although 'the political complexion of the march was clearly mixed . . . obvious Communists were few, if any'. The *Herald* ('2,000 Still There By Nightfall') reported that 'trade unionists and schoolboys marched side by side with university dons and housewives'. For the *News Chronicle*, singing, chanting and musicians 'trying to make a skiffle number out of the Red Flag' provided the lead to the story. According to the *Daily Worker*, which gave practically all its front page to the march (as it did also on Monday and Tuesday), it was 'One of the greatest peace marches ever known in this country'. The *Mail*, while saying that the day 'which began solemnly, developed into jiving and skiffle during the tea break', reported, in what was on the whole an extremely sympathetic story, that after 10,000 people had listened to the speeches in Trafalgar Square, 'a grim, determined procession of sincere men and women marched off via Piccadilly'.

For connoisseurs of news reporting, Sunday brought in some way richer treasure. To begin with the 'heavies'. The *Observer*, which still considered the march worthy of large front-page treatment, reported that 'support has been appearing in very unlikely places. A lot of people in England seem to be thinking of the realities of nuclear war'. Readers of the *Sunday Times* were told a very different tale. 'Disillusion In H-Bomb March: 5,000 Watered Down To 600', said its headlines. And its report concluded with a vivid picture of the marchers dispersing with their banners to local church halls at Isleworth as 'the call echoed through the emptying streets: "Tomorrow's *Daily Worker*, to-morrow's *Daily Worker*".' Most of the rest of the Sunday press, except for *Reynolds News*, which gave the marchers front-page treatment, were too much preoccupied by the killing of Lana Turner's lover by Lana Turner's 14-year-old daughter to bother very much about the march – though the *Sunday Express* made the predictable comment: 'While 500 Marchers Slog through the Rain, H-bomb "Generals" Mark Time at Home'.

However, 'Ban-Bomb Marchers Beat Sneers', announced the *Herald* on Monday. By now, even *The Times* was taking a more favourable view of the composition of the march than had been the case on Saturday. The *Daily Mirror* had also decided to take a second look. There was no question of a small story on a subsidiary page this time. The whole of the middle-spread was given to the march. The *Mail* handed over its main leader page article to Alan Brien to tell readers that this was a march of people 'who had never been questioned by pollsters, who had never put an election poster in their windows, who had never written to newspapers . . . but who were worried by the mushroom shadow across their early morning dreams'.

By Tuesday the march was back on all the front pages again with a bang. 'Fight Ends the H-March', said the *Mail* across eight columns; and so with the same display and in much the same words did the *Express*, the *Herald* and the *Sketch*. The *News Chronicle* was quieter – two columns only – but headlined the same incident. However, *The Times* was – as it had been throughout – more sympathetic. 'The temper of the march', it said, 'remained one of quiet self-control. There was no lack of genuine feeling, but the nearer the column reached its objective the more dignified it became'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



Reflections on an Anniversary

In the winter of 1947-8 Egypt suffered one of the worst cholera epidemics in her history. The outbreak was first discovered in three labourers who had come to the annual date-fair at El Korein. Within a month those three cases had become 33,000, and before the epidemic subsided more than 20,000 Egyptians had died. Yet it did not spread beyond the shores of Egypt, for within days of the outbreak 20 million doses of vaccine had been sent to Cairo from countries as far removed politically as India and the US, Britain and Soviet Russia. A few months later, on 7 April 1948, the World Health Organisation was founded, as a Special Agency of the United Nations and in the belief that the battle for health was an international obligation.

Ten years later, during the four days of this Easter holiday, more than 30,000 people in the world died of malaria, and 30,000 babies were born whose parents cannot expect them to reach the age of 25; many thousands of people suffering from trachoma became four days nearer to blindness, and a few thousand more contracted leprosy. As we prayed in our churches, or displayed our righteous indignation by an anti-nuclear pilgrimage, tens of thousands of tiny children were dying of undernourishment, and in many parts of the world one human being in every eight lay incurably ill.

The irony is that none of this sickness is in the strictest sense necessary. Malaria can be destroyed completely and for ever; trachoma can be cured; leprosy can be arrested in nearly all cases, and cured in many of them. To increase the expectation of life in many parts of Asia and Africa merely involves the application of the common principles of hygiene that have been generally accepted in most of western Europe for at least half a century.

Each year, every adult citizen of the UK contributes to WHO the princely sum of threepence per head. What can we see in return? As it happens, quite a lot. I myself have seen women in Asian villages weep tears of joy because, thanks to the help of WHO, their sick children are for the first time receiving the attentions of a trained nurse. I have watched old men in Dacca submit with an eager amazement to an X-ray in an anti-TB clinic. Today anyone who travels about the world is bound now and then to meet the men and women of all nationalities who are on WHO's pay-roll; men and women who are working together in the belief that health is a fundamental human right and has nothing to do with politics. Unfortunately, however, we live at a time when everything on earth seems to have assumed a political significance, and an offer of good health is sometimes as useful a bribe as an offer of military assistance. WHO can offer help in one field of development only. It can give neither economic nor military assistance; and when a country knows that it needs the first, and desperately suspects that it needs the second, it is often willing enough to pay the price of that aid. It happens that WHO frequently operates alongside other organisations whose ultimate motives are far less altruistic than its own but whose bargaining power is much greater. Moreover WHO's regular annual budget is a mere $14 million . . . an average of only £50,000 for each of its member states.

This, of course, is part of the political dilemma of our time. It has become commonplace to argue that an ideological battle cannot be fought with military weapons: it must finally be won and lost in the hearts and minds of millions of people who are becoming conscious for the first time of their own poverty, sickness, and economic depression. Our essential problem cannot be solved by mutual destruction. The need is to persuade the new and developing nations that there are other solutions to poverty and sickness than the acceptance of totalitarian Communism on the one hand or a dubious military alliance on the other. In the mid-20th century the only leadership that counts is the moral one, and the only moral leadership likely to mean anything is one which takes us a stage farther along the road of co-existence.

In this context the World Health Organisation surely presents a glorious opportunity. Here is an international organisation concerned with an issue that is as far removed from power politics as anything could possibly be, and which by its constitution can admit of no distinction between one country and the next that is not based upon patterns of health. Why, we may well ask, should governments subscribe to the principles of WHO, if for every penny they contribute to its funds they are willing to set aside several shillings for schemes of unilateral aid that are politically inspired? Within WHO the possibility of co-operation on both the official and the personal levels are endless. There is everything to be gained, and neither power nor prestige to be lost. For health shares with the arts the virtue of speaking a common language and possessing a universal appeal.

This is not just an idealist's pipe-dream. Even now, despite restrictions of finance, the competition of unilateral programmes of assistance, and the inevitable problems of local politics, WHO is proving, quietly and without fuss, that a social revolution can be achieved by the collaboration of human beings towards a common end that has more to do with life than with destruction. Roubles, as well as dollars and pounds sterling, are at this moment helping to treat 40,000 people in Burma against leprosy. In a single decade, and under a plan with WHO direction, the known cases of active yaws will have been reduced from an estimate of 50 million to a mere 500,000. There are campaigns for the elimination of trachoma in Morocco and Mexico. Anti-TB clinics have been set up in nearly a score of countries from India to Ecuador and from Thailand to Turkey, and schools of nursing have been founded in places where a nurse had never been seen before. WHO has published an international 'pharmacopoea', a volume which should ensure that medical men throughout the world use the same names for the same drugs. Its bulletins, broadcast and circulated to ports and aerodromes, keep its member nations informed of the progress of all the quarantinable diseases—cholera, plagues, typhus, smallpox, yellow and relapsing fevers. The philosophy of preventive medicine has been introduced for the first time to many areas of Africa and Asia. To achieve all this an international team of doctors, nurses, teachers, and medical specialists are working in every continent. Everywhere they have come at the request of the local government and, significantly, they do not arrive as the servants of a particular power or a particular ideology. They represent the citizens of the world.

It can be argued that the most significant international event of the next ten years will not in any sense be a political one, but the complete and final eradication of malaria. Quite apart from the value of such an achievement in terms of human suffering and its elimination, this will constitute a great economic revolution, for the economic consequences of malaria are more serious than those of any other known disease. Yet this ambition, far from being Utopian, has been quietly inserted into WHO's programme for the coming decade. There is every reason to believe it will come to pass—at a cost of about a guinea per head of the world's population.

And yet . . . one's thoughts come back to that budget of $14 million and to our own national contribution of threepence a head. It is still hard to forget those parts of the world where good health is still offered as a political bribe. Which, of course, is where the moral leadership comes in, for the $14 million could presumably be increased by the decision of the nations of the world, united in the General Assembly – if only someone would give the lead. Nor is it unreasonable to suggest that China, barred from the UN itself, might logically be admitted to WHO (as Spain and West Germany were admitted), not as a political gesture, but simply because in terms of health it is the whole world that suffers by her absence. To advocate such a proposal and to fight for it needs the kind of moral leadership that Britain seems well fitted to assume.

In the meantime, on this tenth anniversary of WHO, it is as well to remember the facts of the world's health as they were this morning. To reflect, for example, that in the time it has taken to read this article about 30 people, somewhere in the world, have died of malaria; but that in ten year's time it should no longer be possible for me to write those last words, for malaria will no longer exist. Perhaps there is rather less cause for pessimism than we sometimes think.

George Leather

London Diary

The new issue of *Fortune* carries an exciting article on oral contraception – what it calls 'the birth control pill'. Cheap, mass manufacture of such a pill could, of course, change world history, and rumours that one has been invented crop up every two or three years. A group of American scientists are now said to have succeeded with compounds called progestines. One of these compounds has been used on 250 Puerto Rican women. Those who followed the regimen faithfully (one pill a day for 20 days of each month) received 100 per cent protection against pregnancy. The pills are harmless, and there is no indication, as yet, that they prevent women from having children subsequently; on the contrary, after they have been administered, and then withdrawn, some previously barren women have been able to conceive. But the pills, according to *Fortune*, are unlikely to become generally available for some time. G. D. Searle & Co., which makes one type, called Enovid, anticipates at least five more years of testing before they offer it on the mass market. And they add that it will still be sold only on prescription, and will probably never be available over the counter. Why not? In any case, if this pill does actually live up to its promise, nothing will stop other countries, such as India and China, from obtaining the formula and distributing the pills. In the long run national control of the birth rate is as important for peace and plenty as control of nuclear weapons.

* * *

I've been consulting the experts about the new argument for deriding the Russian proposal to end nuclear tests. What are the facts? Tests in

the megaton range can be detected anywhere on earth. So can most kiloton tests. In theory a small bomb can be tested without anyone finding out. Equally, it is theoretically possible to hold an undetectable test with a control system in operation – unless the inspectors were allowed access to the nuclear factories, which neither side is prepared even to consider. But it is also clear that neither side could be certain that secret tests would go undetected, and that the propaganda disaster of being found out 'breaking' the ban would be far greater than any slender military advantage in holding illicit tests. And this argument, of course, also applies whether you have a policing system or not. There is a further argument for taking up the Russian offer – disingenuous though it may be. Scientists in Canada, Sweden and Japan, who have studied the rise in radioactivity caused by the recent Soviet series, are now seriously alarmed. In size, 'dirtiness' and height of explosion-point – which is an important factor in radiation hazards – these new Soviet bombs have caused more damage than any previous series. If the Americans now carry out a similar series the world danger levels (still not at all precisely known) may easily be reached.

* * *

President Eisenhower's answers at his press conferences, like some of Ramsay MacDonald's later utterances, read like parodies of themselves. Consider this passage, from the President's conference on 2 April, replying to a correspondent who had asked whether the US might take some initiative about atomic tests:

> . . . The testing thing which you – of which you speak, I think is just a side issue, I think it is a gimmick, and I don't think it is to be taken seriously. And I believe that anyone that studies this matter thoroughly will see that is not a harsh opinion on the matter. But this doesn't mean that we should seek – that we should fail to seek some common ground where there is a beginning made toward agreement in which we can work better co-operatively. I have – let me read you just a little – you say we have been doing the same thing and I am just going to take the things where the – just the subjects – I am not going to read the whole paper. I will give you this paper if you can get copies made. These are just the subjects that the United States has proposed unilaterally, not with others, with respect to our allies, unilaterally. . . .

In short, as the President is said to have replied on a previous occasion: 'My friend, I couldn't possibly fail to disagree with you less'.

* * *

Two correspondents have written asking what justification there can be for writing, as this journal did last week, about 'the transcendental Christian tragedy of Easter'. Does not Easter celebrate a triumph, not a tragedy? The question is worth answering. Of course, there could be no justification for the vulgar use of 'tragedy' as a synonym for 'death'. A sophisticated defence of the phrase, which I should myself be prepared to support, would be that the story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection is tragic because the Christian legend, like those on which other great world religions are founded, has been distorted by the Church which has been founded upon it. It does seem to me infinitely tragic that the doctrines of love, non-violence and sacrifice, taught in the gospels and exemplified in the Crucifixion, should have been used to give authority to a Church which has officially and consistently upheld the normal orthodoxies of state power. The Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov* makes the point in classic form. The Russian Orthodox Church is, of course, a perfect case of the religion of love and humility being completely appropriated by a brutal, totalitarian state. But this is not the sense in which the phrase was used on our front page. We made it quite simply and correctly in the sense that it is used when we talk about a Greek tragedy. In short, Easter commemorates a drama in which individual suffering is incidental to the development of a cosmic idea. Such dramas are usually known as tragedies.

* * *

In bookstalls in airports and main stations and large hotels, you will nowadays always find displayed a bewildering number of brightly bound, paper-covered books. A few are Penguins; more are American. A high proportion, of course, are thrillers and whodunnits; there are also classics ranging from Homer and Mrs Gaskell to H. G. Wells and Hemingway. Amongst others for air reading, I recently picked up a volume of Gorki's superb autobiography, a Graham Greene I had not read, and an early Somerset Maugham called *Mrs Craddock*. Now the remarkable thing about these books is that the publishers have tried to make them all equally alluring so that the unsophisticated would not know whether a Neville Shute or an Erle Stanley Gardner was any more exciting or sexy than a Charlotte Brontë or a Joseph Conrad. Its cover will usually display a half-dressed girl and an appetising blurb. The description on the outside of *Mrs Craddock* is a wonderfully misleading example. According to the publisher, this is 'a story of a woman damned by her own desires'. Now, what else could 'damn' anyone except their own desires? Actually, it is a story of a woman of tempestuous temperament who survives her love affairs to achieve a nicely balanced and agreeably reflective peace of mind – which is what anyone acquainted with Somerset Maugham would have expected.

* * *

Surely there are fewer dogs on the main roads, and the ones you do see are nimbler and slightly more courteous? I know this is the kind of thing that should be said with great caution, until the road behaviour of dogs has been statistically tabulated, but I have support from other motorists. Since the beginning of this year it has been an offence under section 15 of the Road Traffic Act, 1956, with a £5 penalty, to 'cause or permit any dog' to be on any 'designated road' except on a lead. I don't know where the designated roads are (there aren't many yet), and I should suppose that the dogs still using them have been 'permitted' rather than 'caused' to be on them. But it doesn't look as though the government are taking the Act very seriously yet – they don't even mention it on the backs of the latest dog licences, where you are told to prevent your dog from worrying sheep, chasing poultry or going out without his collar, and warned that a dog who tears up 'cloth, mats, wood, etc.', as my neighbour's does, has probably got rabies. But the new law is the work of careful men who know about dogs. It defines a road designated for doglessness as one where the lamp-posts are less than two hundred yards part. Which seems almost the definition of a road for which the average dog would hanker.

* * *

I have in front of me the scruffiest bit of paper. It is a cyclostyled form sent from the District Operating Superintendent's Office at Paddington. It was sent to a railway worker – one of 20 who have just completed 40 years' service – and it requires him 'to attend this office between 3 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. on the 28 March' for the presentation of 'an award due for recognition of long service'. Who would guess that this drab little summons is British Railways' way of carrying out a quite generous and happy idea? Every railway worker of over 40 years' standing is to be given a gold watch. I gather that much of the recipient's pleasure is taken away by the very ham-handed invitation. Incredible, surely, that the chairman or a director of British Railways should not have signed a handsomely printed letter which every individual recipient of the award would have been proud to show to his friends.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It was the 40th anniversary of Byelorussia's Independence Day yesterday. Celebrants went to the Chelsea flat of Lady (Frances) Phipps. 'I love people in exile, don't you?' she said. – *Evening Standard*. (Guy Wootton.)

Mr Garland had said he was once woken in the night by his wife hitting him on the head and screaming abuse, including a statement that he was born and bred in Clapham. – *News Chronicle*. (K. R. A. Duckworth.)

I fell in love with my husband simply because he was so different from every other boy I had ever met. He did not like love-making and neither did I. He has never actually told me he loves me.

Now, after 26 years of marriage, I sometimes wonder if I have missed something, but I am happy. He is a wonderful husband.

He never actually proposed, but we saw a three-piece suite we liked and that clinched the deal. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (Patricia Millard.)

The Bums

O, when the bums (O, when the bums)
O, when the bums . . .
When the bums come marching in
Then it's O, to be in England
When the bums come marching in!

Controlled are all the Bases,
Secure the guys who stay,
Although their proper place is
Back in the USA.

But Gaffer Dubb and Gammer
Have little time to wait
For the new Macmillodrammer
Of 1958.

The re-adjustment coming
Is for the poor and old
When the bailiffs all start bumming
And rents are de-controlled.

The Brooke goes on for ever,
So Tennyson has writ,
Which showed no sense whatever –
He's on the List to Quit.

Rent-free but de-restricted
Are tenants of Whitehall,
And they'll soon be all evicted
In the coming free-for-all.

I love the Bailiff's daughter,
I even love his son,
But Tory Bums no quarter
Will find at Islington.

O, when the Bums (etc.).

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Reluctant Hero

HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE to a baronetcy; Joint-Master of Foxhounds; 20 years a territorial officer; Eton, Christ Church and the board of Lloyds Bank – how clearly there leaps into one's mind a picture of tweedy yet sophisticated arrogance. But when one sees the man himself, how far removed from such a picture he seems! Certainly there was something of the countryside in the lanky figure and amiably peering face which ambled a little sheepishly on to the opposition benches in 1945. One felt that he would be more at home pottering in a greenhouse or sipping iced lemonade under the trees while somebody else mowed the lawn. There was no hint in his bearing that, as the active head of a particularly well run textile firm which employs a fifth of the working population of Tiverton, he was accustomed to command. There was no hint that in the war he had been specially selected by the War Office to organise paratroopers; or that, despite his 44 years, he had insisted on dropping with his troops at Arnhem, had broken his thigh and been taken prisoner – no hint of all this except that he arrived in the House of Commons on crutches. And there was no hint that 14 years after his arrival he would hold one of the three most important political offices in the country: Mr Derick Heathcoat Amory, the new member for Tiverton, seemed, in fact, a very nice chap who would blink away a few dutiful years in parliament and then, having got that over without making an ass of himself, return gratefully to his beloved Devon.

But that picture, too, was false. After the Conservative victory of 1951, Amory was summoned to Downing Street by the Chief Whip. The summons surprised him. 'Don't you think the PM is mixing me up with Amery?' he said down the telephone, 'I'm the one with the moustache.' But, despite his surprise, he took the proffered Pensions Ministry. Two years later he moved to the Board of Trade as Minister of State. A year later still, on the resignation of Sir Thomas Dugdale, he joined the Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture; and now, since the resignation of Mr Peter Thorneycroft, he has become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What has caused the translation of this unambitious, unassuming back-bencher to his present heights? The answer is that he happens to suit the needs of his party and his class. Now, as in the Twenties and Thirties, the Tories wish to disguise conflict, to induce apathy; and for that purpose they need a respectable, decent, unexciting front. Amory's assets, different though they are from Baldwin's in so many ways, fit him well enough for that sort of role. First, there is his war record. Churchill assumed instinctively that the men best suited to handle ex-servicemen who had to deal with the Ministry of Pensions would be those who themselves were distinguished ex-servicemen. Hence he chose Amory. When Churchill subsequently discovered that competence as well as valour was needed in the job, Amory still retained his post because he is competent.

It is not only that he has run the family business well or that his friends outside the house find him sufficiently shrewd to call him into their own businesses as an adviser. It is also that in the private consultations of his own party he uses an unadorned pragmatism which often saves time and always delights the least theoretical of all parties. 'I'm awfully sorry,' he will say, clearing his throat and issuing a self-deprecating little laugh, 'I'm awfully sorry, but these really are the facts, you know.' The impression which Amory makes on those with whom he has dealings is a priceless asset. His close friends may be few; but his enemies do not exist.

Allied to this is the fact that Amory is genuinely unambitious. Much of what he does is done through sense of duty. Before the war, he was not actively political. He was, first, a Liberal of the mild paternalist school, running profit-sharing in his works and going about the countryside amiably doing good. When the Samuelite Liberals left the National government, he felt unable to follow them because he thought that the country was still at a crisis and that men of goodwill should still pull together regardless of doctrinal difference. So he began to call himself a National Liberal. But he would not have done much about it if his cousin, the adopted Conservative candidate for Tiverton, had not been killed in the war. Amory then felt that it was up to the family to continue leadership in the community where they lived. He was assuming the normal obligation of his class.

Of his class? It is almost axiomatic that one cannot get on in the Conservative Party unless one has been born into the right bed, or married into it. Amory is unmarried. When he is in London, he lives alone in a small service flat. When he is in Devon, he lives with an elderly aunt. He was genuinely surprised when told that he would need a hostess at Number 11. 'Good Lord,' he said mopping his brow, 'I hadn't thought of that. I'd better stay on at the flat.' But Amory did not need to marry into position. He was born into it. His background could not be better for unsolicited success in the Tory Party; and from the background he has absorbed that particular sense of loyalty which Tories revere. That is to say, he never asks awkward questions in public. When the Cabinet was suddenly presented with Eden's decision to invade Suez, he argued strongly against it in private, but never for a moment thought of resigning. He felt, in part, that this was not his field, and it went against the grain for a Minister of Agriculture to argue on foreign affairs with a Foreign Secretary. But, even more, he knew instinctively that in a jam it was not done to let down one's own side – even if it meant letting down one's own country. This instinctive denial of 'caddishness', this utter steadfastness in the face of the 'enemy' are among the qualities which, before the war, kept Baldwin and Chamberlain in office and Churchill out of it. To most Conservatives they are among the supreme virtues.

Amory resembles Baldwin in that he has the right qualities at the right time to be a good

'front man'. He has practical experience. He likes patting pigs. He has a seemingly casual approach to office; and in these respects similarities between the two men do appear. When Mr Macmillan was forming his Cabinet after the Eden resignation, Amory, the newspapers said, left Downing Street looking 'worried'. 'They were quite right,' said Amory, 'I was worried. I'd come out without my handkerchief.' But the comparison ends there. Baldwin, despite his protestations, actively sought office, enjoyed it when he had got it and employed all his powers to keep it. He was perhaps the most astute British politician of this century. Amory does not even aspire to be in this class. Nor, though both men were shrewd, practical and unambitious, is the comparison between Amory and Bonar Law valid. Law was manoeuvred into an office which he did not want by astuter men than he, who wanted to keep others out of office.

But no one is manoeuvring Amory. Nor is Amory manoeuvring himself. What he gets comes to him naturally because, in a phrase, he is what the Tories need. Since he is still only 58 years old, these qualities may yet bring him the unsolicited offer of the highest political office in the country; and if the offer is made he will demur and then accept it with a deprecating 'Well, if you really think that I'm the man for the job . . .'. Then he will add: 'But you know, I'm going to have the most frightful trouble fixing up about curtains in Number 10'.

A Talk with Franz Josef Strauss

R. H. S. Crossman writes: A shortened version of this interview appeared in the Daily Mirror *of Wednesday, 2 April. Within a few hours the Bonn Defence Ministry had issued a statement, challenging two sentences I attributed to Herr Strauss. The first of these impugned the status of France as a great power, and the second was a warning that, if France goes ahead with her H-bomb, Herr Strauss could not guarantee that Germany would not be 'sucked in' ('hineingesaugt'). I am sincerely grateful to Herr Strauss for talking to me so freely on this absorbing subject and, since he is courteous enough to attribute our disagreement about the record to 'linguistic misunderstandings', I feel bound to show equal courtesy and have excised both sentences. Even without them, what he says in this remarkable conversation surely provides sufficient warning about the disastrous effect which Britain's role as the Third Nuclear Power is bound to have in Paris as well as Bonn.*

I DOUBT whether Franz Josef Strauss would deny that he is both the second most powerful and the single most distrusted man in West Germany today. A Bavarian by birth—insignificant in appearance, voluble in diction, mercurial in temperament and devilishly clever—he is a natural politician, lucky enough to be too young to have a Nazi record. Since the war he has pushed his way very speedily to the top—on occasion elbowing even Dr Adenauer to one side. 'I heard it said that you were reluctant to leave the Ministry of Atomic Affairs,' I said to him as I shook hands. 'Oh, you know the placid little Ministry by the Rhine!' he replied; 'I didn't really want to leave it for this trouble centre.' So we got down to business.

CROSSMAN: Why have you chosen what seems to me a very unsuitable moment to insist on getting these nuclear weapons?

STRAUSS: You haven't got the right picture. I am not insisting on special nuclear weapons for the German army, but asking for parliamentary authority to carry out the top secret Nato plan entitled MC 70. This sets out the task of all Nato members—with the exception, I think, of Luxemburg and Portugal—to proceed this year with the training of units in the use of certain American dual-purpose weapons, including the Matador.

CROSSMAN: What exactly is a dual-purpose weapon?

STRAUSS: They are missiles designed for use with either a conventional warhead or a nuclear warhead. I have ordered 24 Matadors with conventional warheads, which should be ready early in 1960. As it will take 18 to 24 months to train our German crews, the timing is about right. The men will go to the United States for their training. As for the nuclear warheads, they do not concern us. They will remain American property and only be used under American orders.

Faced with MC 70, I had three choices. Either I could accept it secretly, or I could publicly ask for parliamentary authority to accept it, or I could set a very bad example of disloyalty to Nato by saying no. I do not want to demand any special position for my country in Nato, because I do not believe in the Rapacki Plan or any road to German unity except that of free elections.

CROSSMAN: I should like to return to the Matadors. Do I understand you to say that your army is to be equipped with missiles whose nuclear warheads are completely controlled by another power? Doesn't that make you a military satellite of the United States?

STRAUSS: The fact is that, owing to the American McMahon Act, those are the only conditions on which the Matadors can be delivered to us, or any other of America's allies. The other allies may complain, but there are special German reasons why I do not object. We live in a partitioned country, with 18 million of our countrymen under Russian rule, longing to rise and fight for liberty. I have to tell you that, if an East German rising occurs, I shall forbid any soldier of the *Bundeswehr* to fire a single shot or assist the freedom fighters in any way. I do not make myself popular in certain quarters by saying this. But you will see I have no alternative. We simply cannot take the risk. Then what use on earth would it be to have our own nuclear weapons, or even to control the use of the American nuclear warheads supplied to our army? Don't you see that they will be fired into our own country? We want none of it.

CROSSMAN: But if the missiles are fraught with such ghastly consequences for Germany, why not refuse to have anything to do with them?

STRAUSS: For two reasons. First, I want the German army to be a loyal member of Nato, loyally carrying out Nato policy. So, now that Nato has decided on nuclear tactical weapons, I ask no special treatment for Germany. Moreover, we realise the Red Army is now being equipped with nuclear weapons, and this compels General Norstad to do the same.

CROSSMAN: But why the dual-purpose weapon? Why not have German forces equipped only with conventional weapons and, behind them, American support forces equipped with nuclear weapons?

STRAUSS: My army staff tells me that your proposal is practicable. But it would involve the American support units coming under the tactical command of German generals. That, no doubt, is why the Americans prefer the idea of dual-purpose weapons, with nuclear warheads under exclusive American control.

CROSSMAN: Even so, I share the fear of many Germans that this is only a first step, which will rapidly lead to the production of a German H-bomb.

STRAUSS: I do not want to produce any German nuclear weapon. I do not even want German control of those dual-purpose weapons with which our armies are being equipped. Why? Because only a great power, capable of going it alone out of its own resources in a major war, can afford nuclear weapons. Even a united Germany could not be a great power of this kind. Do you realise, for instance, that our new army will only be able to function for 30 days without relying on supplies from the West? How absurd, then, in our limited territory and with our limited resources, to try to be a nuclear power!

CROSSMAN: Would it not be better, then, to concentrate on building up your conventional forces?

STRAUSS: I tell you, we Germans are much more prepared than either the American or the British governments to see nuclear weapons abolished altogether. It is the Americans who are afraid of nuclear disarmament, because they rely on nuclear weapons in order to increase firepower and make up for our manpower shortage. Personally I would be prepared to consider an agreement with the Russians, abolishing all nuclear weapons, even if this meant considerably increasing the size of our conventional forces.

CROSSMAN: On this point, then, Herr Strauss, you are in profound disagreement with the Americans? Are you prepared to stand up to them and insist on your point of view?

This was the only point in the interview when Strauss was embarrassed and had no reply, so I proceeded, 'Let's turn to another topic. Is there any truth in the story that you have had secret talks with the French about the possibility of your taking a share in the French H-bomb?'

STRAUSS: We have nothing to do with the French H-bomb. From what I hear, they have got into difficulties and the first test has had to be postponed for quite a time.

* * *

I believe that ideally the United States should be the only western power to produce nuclear weapons—for use, of course, by every member of Nato.

CROSSMAN: Then you object to the British H-bomb as well as the French?

STRAUSS: Britain is a special case, since you helped the Americans produce the first A-bomb and also because you are a world power, with world interests, for instance in Hongkong. So you have a certain right to be a nuclear power. But I must say that a direct result of your H-bomb is to stir up the French, so that they insist on having one too. And, if they have one and the Swedes have one, then it is bound to spread.

CROSSMAN: Some of us believe that Britain should offer France and other countries in the line for producing their own nuclear weapons a treaty which binds all who sign it to make only conventional weapons. Would your reaction to the idea be negative? Would you think we were decadent to resign our nuclear responsibilities?

STRAUSS: The German reaction would certainly not be negative. It would be absolutely positive. Germany would welcome the idea wholeheartedly, because something must be done quickly. As for my country, we are, of course, forbidden to make nuclear weapons, and anyway, as I have told you, we neither want our own weapons nor do we want

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1 *To make clear the importance of thriving successful industry throughout the country, and, through it, an ever expanding export trade, if our present standard of living is to be maintained and raised still higher.*

2 *Further, to demonstrate the essential interdependence of our people of every type and occupation—men and women, young and old—who, in times of national emergency, have invariably shown their unity and determination.*

3 *To ensure that our own people—while made aware of our shortcomings—shall have the widest possible knowledge of our national achievements in the social, cultural, scientific and industrial fields.*

4 *To publish, from time to time, factual statements regarding our successes in overseas markets, and actively and positively to counter misrepresentations of Britain which are damaging to our national prestige, and thus, to our commercial opportunities.*

5 *To ensure that people throughout the world are no less well-informed than those at home regarding our national achievements in every field of human endeavour: and thereby to heighten the prestige of British products in vital export markets.*

6 *Thus, to reawaken pride in Britain's position in the world as a powerful force working for the good of all peoples and, through this more favourable climate of opinion, to raise further the morale of all engaged in commerce and industry.*

to control those the Americans are supplying to us. Nevertheless, I must warn you that this situation cannot last for ever.

* * *

In Königswinter, on the other side of the Rhine, I discussed this conversation with a number of distinguished politicians and journalists, gathered for the annual session of the *Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft*. Most of them fear Strauss nearly as much as they dislike him, but they could not fault his defence of the decision to acquire the 24 dual-purpose Matadors. What they said to me was that no sane man could trust Strauss, and they asked me to measure his sincerity by comparing the brutal style of his *Bundestag* speech with the quiet tone of this talk to the visiting Englishman. Since then I have examined the text of the speech, and I agree that the contrast is very disturbing. Indeed, I am not in the least surprised that the opposition in the *Bundestag* came to the conclusion that this decision was indeed the first fateful step towards making Germany a nuclear power.

Nevertheless, I draw a rather different conclusion from that of my German friends at Königswinter. Whether Adenauer and Strauss are working actively to make Germany a nuclear power or whether they are being dragged reluctantly towards the idea of a European H-bomb as an extension of the European arms pool, in which they are already co-operating with France and Italy, is surely a matter of secondary importance. What matters – at least to an Englishman – is the fact that British policy, at least as much as American policy, is driving them in that direction. By insisting on the production of the British H-bomb, by abolishing conscription in 1960 and by running down our four divisions in Germany only three years after we promised to keep them there in perpetuity, Mr Duncan Sandys (with far too little opposition from the Labour front bench) is presenting German politicians with the choice of either 'going nuclear' or walking out of Nato. Presented with this dilemma, a politician far more democratic than Franz Josef Strauss could hardly resist the prospect of equipping the German army today with American dual-purpose weapons and tomorrow with a European H-bomb.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

No Flowers, Please

AFTER a few drinks the man at the bar of the Chaos Club asked if I'd like to visit his studio. We drove a fair distance and then the car slowed down in front of a large, smart modern building. National Funerals, Ltd., it said in bold black letters. We drove into a courtyard with a large number of motorised hearses and pulled up. 'My name's Cartwright, by the way,' he said, getting out of the car. 'Jack Cartwright, monumental mason.' 'Mine's Carson,' I said, 'I write stories.' 'Good,' said Cartwright, 'I may have something for you. You're not over-sensitive, are you?' 'I hope not,' I said. 'We have to go through the main building to get to the stone mason's outfit.' I followed him to a door marked Make-up Rooms, Ladies' Mortuary, Embalming Section. We walked through long corridors until suddenly we were in a sort of carpenter's shop fitted with machinery and large slabs of marble. There was a young coloured man bending over one of the slabs with a whirring pneumatic drill. I went up to him and saw he was chiselling out the letters 'He Shall Rest in Peace'. 'This is Ken,' said Cartwright, introducing me to the coloured man. 'He comes from Jamaica and is a natural for stone-cutting.' 'Actually, I'm a bit of a Cubist,' said Ken with a shy smile, 'and there's not much scope for that sort of thing here. Not yet at any rate. It's all a bit conservative. But this is good bread and butter.' We stood there talking when suddenly a bell rang. 'Someone's had it,' said Cartwright, not without satisfaction. 'What was that for?' I asked. 'A corpse,' said Cartwright. 'We have to stand by to help the undertakers.' 'Which undertakers?' 'Our lot,' said Cartwright. 'This is a combine. Nearly all of them are combines, the old-fashioned family undertaker's a thing of the past, but the competition's more fierce. We have the best Intelligence Service of the lot, though.' 'Why intelligence service?' 'Body-claiming,' said Cartwright. 'First off the mark. Hospital porters, for instance, coroner's clerks, bell-boys, they tip us off directly it happens.'

Cartwright and Ken had to leave on a job. 'We shall be about ten minutes,' said Cartwright. 'Someone's got drowned in a fountain in Trafalgar Square. Make yourself at home, but don't fool around with the marble.' When they came back, Cartwright outlined a proposition. 'Why not join us on a part-time basis?' he said. 'It would be better than hanging around doing nothing. I could speak to the Director who's a pretty good friend of mine.' 'But what on earth could I do here?' I asked. 'Write things for the gravestones,' said Cartwright. 'Nowadays the combines contract to do everything for the customer, not like the old days when everything was pinched out of the Bible.' 'I'll have a shot at it,' I said.

Cartwright took me for a tour of the cemeteries. I was surprised to find that he not only had a true love for stone-cutting, but a great respect for the atmosphere of drama and death in which he worked. 'It is the great reality,' he said, 'it ennobles a man. Fundamentally, most people's work is frivolous or degrading.' He drove up to a church graveyard and we got out. It was a Saxon church and the graveyard was full of mellow stone which brooded under coats of lichen, like old men in winter. 'These are still the *sine qua non*,' said Cartwright. 'And let no one forget it. These are masterpieces, and lucky the man that lies under these stones.' He patted one of the headstones affectionately and stared down at the half-illegible writing. 'Everything's cremation now,' he said, 'you can pack them in like sardines.' 'But people want to be cremated,' I said. 'Nobody wants anything,' said Cartwright; 'it's all advertising'. 'I've never seen advertising for cremation,' I said. 'It's indirect,' said Cartwright.

In the evening he drove me back to his studio in Mill Hill. He gave me some sherry, and I looked at the paintings which crowded his walls. They were all of nudes, and had a certain level of achievement. 'Spare time work,' said Cartwright. 'I hope to have an exhibition of them one day. You see, my patron doesn't expect me to work for him all the time.' I went back and examined the paintings again, there was something odd about them which I couldn't define. At last I discovered what it was. 'If you don't mind my pointing out,' I said to him, 'all these nudes – every one of them seems to be suffering from consumption.' He nodded his head. 'You're quite right,' he said. 'It had never occurred to me. You are very observant.' He sat down and poured me another sherry. 'Stay to dinner,' he said. 'I've told my wife.' 'Thank you,' I said. 'While we are waiting, perhaps you would like to see the door of this cabinet. It was made by a friend of mine who works for the combine.' He got up and pointed it out. 'It's beautiful,' I said. 'It's a coffin lid,' said Cartwright. 'Hand-carved. It took him four years. The customer had always wanted to be buried. Country churchyard. But the widow stipulated cremation. Well, to cut a long story short, some of the incinerators are untrustworthy types and they whip off the coffin-lids and sell them to antique dealers. This friend of mine was tipped off in time, and I went along and bought it. Here comes my wife.'

She was really quite beautiful, but her skin was grey. Almost at once I recognised who she was. She was the model for all the nudes. Cartwright ate with a great appetite, but neither his wife nor I left our plates finished. There was something sad in the air. 'Come on, cheer up,' cried Cartwright, polishing off his silverside of beef, 'you both look as if you had seen a ghost.' 'It's the weather,' said his wife, letting her fork fall on her plate with a crash. After dinner I said good-bye and returned home to Camden Town. For some reason I was haunted by her face all night.

I worked for the combine for a month. I was given details of the cases of deaths by immersion in sea water, suicides in windy hotels, casualties on lonely roads, the murdered, the starved, the corpses in the sandpit. The poems were simple and did not require too much thought. One day I was writing an elegy in the carpenter's shop when the undertaker's bell rang. 'There's another one,' said Cartwright, rubbing his hands. He disappeared and, when he came back, he sat with his back to me, hacking at the marble. 'It's the wife,' he said.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Writer's Theatre

THE English Stage Company is now celebrating its second anniversary; and it begins its third year's activity with its assets, both material and moral, greater than even the most optimistic could have hoped for. It is true that its success is based largely on the discovery of one playwright who has turned out to be both an original talent and a money-spinner. But the Company was founded precisely in order to find such playwrights, and if they are lucky to have found one almost first go, it was not luck but policy which brought him into their net. They cannot in the nature of things hope to find a second John Osborne straight away. But it will be disappointing if they do not soon turn up talents almost equally arresting. On the other hand it must be remembered that the commercial managements, though slow to blaze a trail are quick to take advantage of one already blazed for them, and they can offer considerably greater rewards to a dramatist than can a small experimental theatre.

This situation highlights a change in the theatrical pattern which Mr Devine will, I suggest, be wise to play with rather than against. Other experimental theatres at other times and in other

the things they say!

First-class honours in Chemistry, eh, Jim?

I expect you've been offered plenty of jobs.

Yes, but unfortunately most of them have been in industry.

What's so unfortunate about that?

Well, I'd like to go on doing the kind of research we do at the University. Industrial research holds no attractions for me.

Why not? I used to think like you, but since I joined I.C.I. I've seen that research in industry can be just as satisfying. Think of the value to hospitals of the new anaesthetic 'Fluothane' and the importance to farmers of 'Helmox', a new treatment for lung-worm disease in their cattle. Both are recent I.C.I. discoveries and this is obviously work of national importance.

Perhaps it is, but I'd prefer to continue pursuing knowledge for its own sake.

Maybe, but whether you work in a University or in an industrial laboratory you'll be employing the same scientific method, the same mental approach—and is there anything derogatory in acquiring scientific knowledge to use it for practical ends?

I don't suppose there is, really.

Of course there isn't. And you might find yourself doing pure research in I.C.I. anyway. About 15% of I.C.I.'s big research budget is devoted to fundamental work, and some of the men engaged in it have achieved international recognition in their particular fields.

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countries have created an audience of their own and have pursued their experiments defiantly in their own small theatre, content to give their minority what it wanted. But today, in London anyhow, there seems to be no such regular minority audience. There are, apparently, just enough interested people to fill out a Sunday-night experiment and that is about all. But it may well be that the attempt to recapture that pattern of the dedicated audience is itself a retrograde ambition. The English Stage Company has, I believe, done something much more important: it has had an extraordinarily immediate effect on the theatre as a whole. It has already in only two years blasted a hole in the upper middle class earthworks which protected the stage from life as it is lived today, and its influence has already infiltrated.

Mr Devine started out with only one clear objective – to get writers interested in the theatre as a medium. He always saw this as a long-term business, for the divorce in England between the theatre and other forms of writing has existed for a long time. But he has succeeded more quickly than he hoped. The theatre, I believe, is becoming in the minds of writers a medium worth tackling. I dare say that the Court will not get all the benefit. The commercial managers have, as I say, been made alive to new possibilities and, for obvious financial reasons, established writers may be tempted not to try the Court with their plays in the first place. But it is certainly true of the young writers, if my grapevine reports rightly, that the theatre as a medium is now in the forefront of their minds. Every young aspirant before the war was writing a novel; today he or she may equally as likely be writing a play. That is the Court's achievement and it is an important one.

Naturally Mr Devine will be tempted now to try to establish a style of theatre, a style of acting, perhaps to create an ensemble. I hope he will think very carefully before he commits himself to this, and ask himself whether this isn't pursuing a pattern that is no longer appropriate. With the Royal Court as a base he has successfully raided the larger theatre outside, and changed its face. Isn't it possible that (in England especially, where we are by nature resistant to 'schools' and 'styles' and 'movements') he has discovered the right pattern? The very eclecticism of approach which the knockers are beginning to attack him for, may after all be the best way of tackling the problem in a climate so pragmatic as the English.

Personally I am less happy about some of the new plays which are being given productions, but I am quite ready to believe that this is merely a personal prejudice; and, in any case, the point of being eclectic is to be as eclectic as possible. Yet it does seem to me from what we have seen that the mood of the moment is quite clearly in sympathy with one kind of play they have discovered and not with the other. And if there is anything in the argument I have sketched, then it is the Stage Company's business to discover which way the best and most exciting winds of the moment are blowing and to use those winds to drive themselves along. (This does not necessarily mean flying before the wind: there are other points of sailing.) To fly in the face of them out of some dogmatic belief is to invite disaster.

There seem at present to be, broadly speaking, two kinds of young playwrights contending for the future – the new realists with John Osborne at their head, and what we might call the Abstractionists of whom there are several schools, the Ionesco School, the Beckett School and the neo-Expressionists. My own preference is for the first; I do not think the English can by nature be good at Abstraction (though, of course the Irish are, James Joyce being the great literary founder). Evidently there are devotees of both factions in the management of the Court, which gives house-room to both; and evidently the judges of the *Observer* competition had a strong leaning towards Abstractionists. Following *The Sport of My Mad Mother* comes another prize-winner from that competition, N. F. Simpson, two of whose Ionesco-ish pieces make up the present production. Both plays show immense verbal talent; both are highbrow ten-minute sketches, stretched beyond breaking point. The point of both is to make fun of the clichés of thinking, talking and feeling which are all employed as our daily small change. Both have very amusing moments; neither has any sense of development; both have long, boring – because repetitious – patches.

A new play competition was announced by Mr Devine to celebrate the company's second anniversary. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* is offering a first prize of £500, a second of £300 and two prizes of £100 each for new plays submitted to the English Stage Company up to 1 January 1959. I privately hope that the judges of this competition will have the same bias towards neo-realism that the *Observer* judges had towards Abstractionism. And I hope the plays will be better.

T. C. WORSLEY

She Shall be Called Woman

INTELLIGENT thinking about the nature of twentieth-century art is bound to lead to the question of Formalism. That is to say the question of what is justified and unjustified distortion. Or, to put it another way, the question of how the artist can achieve a balance between his allegiance to nature and his allegiance to the independent image he is creating. Volume upon didactic volume has been written on this subject. But at the Tate there are four bronze reliefs by Matisse which reveal more about the problem than words have ever done. Indeed, these four works could form the basis of a whole system of art teaching.

The reliefs represent the back view of a standing nude woman, slightly over life-size. They form a progressive series and were modelled between 1910 and 1930, the first being the earliest and the fourth the latest. The woman leans forward against a wall, her head resting on her raised left arm.

The first work, obviously done from life or from direct drawings, is comparatively representational. Its simplifications are less radical than those of Renoir's *Woman Washing*, which stands nearby. But whereas in the Renoir the simplifications emphasise peace, comfort, security – the aftermath of love – Matisse's relief stresses vigour, energy and the tactile excitement aroused by sex. The planes round the shoulder blades and spine have been cut sharply so that the light throws their arched strength into relief. In other passages the bronze is given the density of flesh, but provocatively so. The woman's breast is pressed sideways against the wall, the taut muscles of the stomach we cannot see push her buttocks into our hands. In other words, in front of this work our attention moves from part to part, propelled by our own physical awareness of the woman's presence. And this was clearly Matisse's intention. It is not a literal work. It does not simply represent a naked woman. It represents a woman clothed with our own sensuous and sexual reactions. Here a hip is not just a hip but a hip transformed and re-surfaced by our sensations of touching it. The front of the body is only turned away from us; we still believe in it, have expectations of it. Thus, the wall, the bronze plate she leans against, is a device, an interference. She belongs to us rather than to it.

In the second relief the parts of the body become dislocated. They no longer conform to the logic either of the woman's own energy or of our sexual reaction to her as a woman. Here Matisse begins to improvise from his general experience as an artist rather than a man. It is as if he now wishes to destroy the first immediate image – as one might smash a vase – in order to let the light into it. By this light he may later be able to invent, to create. The back-bone line is broken. The shoulder of the raised arm is enlarged. The breast has become a short jetty jutting out from the straight coast line of the upper arm and torso. The wall the woman is leaning against has become a sea out of which a feminine landscape now rises. Indeed, as landscapes go, it is very feminine; but as bodies go, it is a quarried, terraced, ravined landscape. We can wander through it more impersonally than we could touch the first. We can forget our own sex. We can be surprised both at the precipitousness of rock-faces and at the variety of associations conjured up for us. But we cannot, as from the first work, draw any conclusions. We are in a limbo between the senses and intelligence, woman and landscape, memories of our own sex and the faint possibility of being confronted with something new.

In the third relief Matisse found something new. Glance now at the Maillol torso and it looks as if it were made in a museum, as if Maillol only looked at a body to discover the Greek in it. The Matisse body has become straight. The breast and shoulder have merged to become just the fulcrum of the raised arm. The buttocks have disappeared to become the rounded heads of the shafts of the two legs. There are now only four parts to the body: these two shafts and the two levers of the arms. And the new element, the invention? The woman has grown her hair and it now falls in a single straight tail from the head, between the levers, between the shafts, to be lost in the background, the wall, at a point level with where her buttocks would crease if you could still see them. The background itself is now neither interfering barrier nor mysterious sea: it is a flat plate of bronze out of which five new clumsy forms are emerging.

In the last relief the clumsiness has gone. We confront a clear, new object, never before seen. You mean you are thrilled by its novelty? No. The point of its newness is that this makes it complete in itself. It owes nothing, is solvent as a goddess. The woman no longer belongs to us. She belongs to the bronze plate. She now consists of just three forms, three parts, each of them simpler than any of the fifty parts in the first relief. On each side of the figure, arms, shoulders, hips, buttocks, thighs, knees, calves have all become one form, one pole. These two poles, slightly inclined towards each other, are now the figure. Between them falls another – the tail of hair. This cleaves between the other two, phallus-like. So the body has been reduced to a sexual sign? Again, no. Far from it. All Matisse's experience of the fifty parts of the first figure is still present in this work, in the subtle undulations by which the three poles, the three branches differ.

The fourth relief is still recognisably a woman. It differs from the first as an aeroplane differs from a bird. Both aeroplane and bird are clearly designed for the same activity – flying. The aeroplane is different in that it is entirely man-designed. In the first relief Matisse's reactions to a woman's back are, as it were, grafted on to the

natural forms of her body. She is, as I said, clothed with our (or the artist's) sexual awareness of her. In the last relief Matisse's reactions are the seed from which the whole work has grown. That is why I said it was entirely man-designed. In the first work the surfaces of the forms we see are a point of departure: by stimulating us they begin an experience. In the last work the surfaces of the forms we see are a point of arrival, a conclusion, finally reached at the very end of the experience that the work embodies. We can go no farther. We have no expectations because the figure does not belong to us. It belongs to the bronze of which it is made and the seed from which it has grown. It represents life because it has had a life of its own.

The only moral I want to draw is that those artists who now think they can begin at stage four and leave out the three preceding stages must be either charlatans or fools.

JOHN BERGER

V.W.'s Ninth

IT ought to have been an occasion – a Ninth Symphony, no less. There was Beethoven at the back of the platform, scowling in white marble, to remind us what a Ninth Symphony composed for the Royal Philharmonic Society could be (his Eighth, like V.W.'s, had been a 'little' symphony, playful at times). We remembered Schubert's Ninth, Bruckner's Ninth, Mahler's Ninth – all tremendous works. Everything pointed to a great experience ahead.

It started well: a surge of sonorous tone, resolved by the ear into a heavy E pedal in pillared octaves through which the brass drove one of those aspiring themes – moving upwards step by resolute step – that run through all Vaughan Williams's music. The composer in his programme-note (a note in his most tiresomely facetious vein) reveals that the idea occurred to him after he had been playing the opening of the Matthew Passion, and the inspiration is plain: the solid foundation of E, grind of attacked dischord and swift resolution at the second entry a fifth higher. All very characteristic so far. So is the second subject, for it is the oboe melody on the last page of the Sixth Symphony and the oboe melody from the Intermezzo of the Seventh (*Antartica*) Symphony in yet another form—a lyrical leap of a sixth dropping back on itself, approached by a stepwise ascent of three notes. The kinship extends to indecision over the major and minor third.

'The glutted', Carl Nielsen once wrote, 'must be taught to regard a melodic third as a gift of God, a fourth as an experience, and a fifth as the supreme bliss'. Vaughan Williams would seem to approve this reverent feeling for interval (though he allows the sixth too as a means of special lyrical expression). The principal themes of the *Antartica* moved chiefly by step, with a third as the widest permissible leap (this threw into strong contrast the 'leaping' themes, the leviathan lumbering down three tetrachords, or the penguins tumbling about in fourths and fifths). Most of the themes of the Ninth move stepwise, with occasional thirds, and the jump of a sixth in the second subject is similarly thrown into sontrast.

But what is this sound that opens the Andante, giving out yet another version of steps and thirds, and major-minor indecision? It is the flugelhorn, a valved bugle and 'a beautiful and neglected instrument', remarks the composer. I think it a horrid one, with an oily ingratiating tone, related in sound to the horn as saxophone is to clarinet

Amalgerwocky

("It must be something to do with Guinness getting together with Callard & Bowser," said Alice.)

KIDDIEDROVES

'Twas thrillig, when the toffee coves
Did bowse and callard till, licklipt,
All gleesome were the kiddiedroves,
While the Mumdads upsipt –

Upsipt their Guinness. Gnormous luck!
The taste of both is tip-top-notch;
Enjoy the glug-glug glass, or suck
The munchant Butter-Scotch.

MUMDADS

Ah, did you mutter "Butter-Scotch"?
Leave some for us, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callard, callay!
We'll bowser in our joy.

G.S.2944.C

Issued jointly by

GUINNESS
AND
CALLARD & BOWSER

Guinness, brewers of stout since 1759, seven years ago acquired control of Callard & Bowser, makers of fine Butter-Scotch and other confectionery since 1837.

(there are also three saxophones in the new symphony). Respighi blew six flugelhorns into the finale of *The Pines of Rome*, to simulate the *buccinae* of legionaries marching the Appian Way – but that was a special effect. Though the thing is pitched like a cornet, all that it does in this symphony could be undertaken by French horn, and would sound more appropriate. For, unlike the saxophone in *Job*, it is not used to suggest second-rate qualities; V.W. likes it, and has written a horn melody for it.

The flugelhorn solo yields to a march which the composer considers 'barbaric', but proves to be nothing more alarming than a bit of quaint oriental fudgery in parallel fifths from the Town of Titti-Pu. Then there is a Scherzo: V.W., like Beethoven, has his 'unbuttoned' moments, but the tempo is *allegro pesante*, and the second word is operative. It is 6/8, and evokes a lumbering Sorcerer's Apprentice, or more irreverently, that celebrated Picnic when every bear that ever there was, was gathered there, becoz, becoz . . . No, we do not pretend to enjoy this Scherzo, and the Finale completes the steadily forming impression that the Ninth Symphony is lacking in expressive content – the one thing above all in which the first seven symphonies were rich. The basic V.W. materials handled so nobly in Symphonies 4-7, and played with in No. 8, are all here. It need not have mattered. Beethoven worked a single theme in his A minor, B flat and C sharp minor quartets; Mahler in his later symphonies used the same stuffs again and again. But V.W.'s characteristic gestures – the similar cut of the themes, the triplet figures arching round a cadential note, the major-minor alternations, the block harmonies and treading basses – have lost their significance. The scoring is clotted, but now through habit, not because important points must be driven home. The master goes on composing, but after the opening pages he has nothing more to say to us. I wondered whether perhaps it was I who was getting old, not Vaughan Williams – until I heard the Sixth Symphony again.

ANDREW PORTER

Listening to Pictures

NETWORK Three, which I reviewed when it began last October, seems to have settled down into an unobtrusively worthy little miscellany. I do not myself know anybody who listens to it; but it must have some appeal to some thoughtful listeners who can't quite take the Third, and to various minorities with definite interests. This is a creditable enough vocation, though I am not yet convinced that the fulfilling of it compensates for the mutilation of the Third and the consequent lessening of the time and money available for serious experimental music and poetry.

One criticism of Network Three, however, which I made some time ago has just received practical confirmation from an unexpected quarter – the BBC itself. I said that, just as there are some television programmes, such as most concerts, which really 'belong' to sound-radio, and are not only not helped but in some cases actually spoiled by being seen as well as heard, so, conversely, there are some sound-radio programmes which of their nature (not merely through our debased habit) force one to say, 'I wish this were on television'. I instanced Network Three's series for collectors – which was dealing at that time with antiques.

Well, next Wednesday, Network Three starts an important new series, which is to run for six weeks. It is called *Talking of Pictures*, and it will range, so the BBC handout tells us, 'from Simone Martini and Jan van Eyck . . . to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and, finally, to one living painter, Picasso'. The broadcasts will consist of discussions, and these will be chaired by the Director of the National Gallery himself, Sir Philip Hendy.

Admirable project! Anything that may help to make the British public more aware of the visual arts is to be commended. But . . . isn't this a fairly obvious example of the sort of programme that ought, most especially, to be on TV rather than on sound-radio? 'Talking of Pictures'? Doesn't one want to *look* at pictures while they are being talked about?

The BBC at any rate would seem to be conscious of this need; for it has just published a 32-page booklet, lavishly illustrated, which is 'designed to aid listeners' to the Network Three series. The booklet is, as you would expect, in impeccable taste, and, with nine plates in colour (which, admittedly, TV cannot yet do publicly, or so well), it is good value for 3s. But it would be unnecessary for the licence-holder to pay this extra 3s. (which he must do if he is to get full value from the series and not merely to listen, so to speak, blindly) if the series had been done on TV instead of on sound-radio.

I don't want to be unfair to the high-minded people responsible for Network Three. It is hard for them to debar themselves from handling all subjects that may be intrinsically, or marginally, visual. It can be argued that *Monitor* and Sir Gerald Kelly and some of the *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral* programmes have helped to educate viewers in the appreciation of painting, and that the subject cannot be ignored altogether by sound-radio; and that, anyway, the booklet contains an agreeable permanent reminder of facts that might be forgotten. This is all true; yet I still feel, somehow, that the series is misplaced, that there is not much in the booklet which could not have been shown on TV and said in the *Radio Times*, and that the whole procedure is, accordingly, perverse.

In order to establish further this main point of criticism, I went through this week's programmes on Network Three and tried to divide them into those essentially suitable for the sound medium and those which seemed to demand illustration. This week there have been seventeen items in the Network Three programmes. Some of these – dramatised lessons in German and French, a 'lighthearted' talk on school reports, *Jazz Session*, and *Record Review* – are eminently suitable for sound alone. But it struck me that, of the seventeen, at least half-a-dozen would be more interesting if seen as well as heard. *Naturalists' Notebook*, for instance: on Tuesday Mr Maxwell Knight and others contributed to a varied programme . . . but I am afraid that *Look* and *Zoo Time*, with their revelation of the matchlessly telegenic quality of animals, have spoiled us for plain talk.

The most striking example, though, is again in the series for collectors. On Monday night Mr Robson Lowe, who has a pleasant, clear, interesting voice, gave the second of four talks on stamp collecting – this one being about the detection of forgeries. He described as exactly as he could what was needed – 'a green £1 note, a good light, a magnifying-glass, and good eyesight' – and spoke of watermarks and perforations and of the 'tiny wave of surplus ink' that can just be seen beside the design of a printed stamp. It was, in its way, fascinating; but when one thought how clearly the small screen could have shown us all these details, greatly enlarged, it was also frustrating.

TOM DRIBERG

The New Clown

'CABIRIA' has an old epic ring – weren't there lions and Christians and a huge negro? – but the new Cabiria waits for cars at a Roman gate after dark. Her lover, after an idyllic chase, has come up with her on the banks of Tiber, grabbed her, snatched her bag, flung her in, and she's been fished up more dead than alive. But that evening she's back on the beat, fiercely competitive with a she-rhino across the way, whose bellowings and trottings make even a Steinbeck *poule* demure. This is the momentous beginning of Federico Fellini's *Cabiria* at the Cameo-Poly, Chaplinesque in a stark mode.

The girl, the clown-waif, is, of course, Giulietta Masina, as strange an importation into neo-realism as could be imagined; with her the greys become black and white. She dares comedy and tragedy: two masks never far off, or far from one another. Do they slip on and off too easily? Sometimes. Tears may have to be wrung; *she* cries, and can we resist? Her antics, too, with a gamin mug and a bum, must be kept up, because that final secret of Chaplin's, the stillness at the heart of comedy, is rarely quite hers. Still, in an age of vanishing clowns – who else is there now on the screen except Tati? – her Punchinello is a rare phenomenon, and being in female shape, carries new jokes. She perks her bum; trades herself, dreaming of Love; the true Lover appears to gaze into her eyes, and his hand seeks her handbag.

The whole act would be too delicately balanced, in danger of Bergner on the one side and Harpo on the other, if it weren't that Fellini has an inspired grip on her situation. A real world rolls her, kicks her, lures her back into its own snares of wealth and mumbo-jumbo that clutter the path to happiness. Cabiria has a wonderful catch of a famous actor, drunk, who has just quarrelled with his mistress; she gets his autograph – more, the status of visitor – but there's a ring at the bell, and her night is spent with the dog in the kitchen. She makes the Sunday excursion to some local Lourdes, where hopes of a change of heart are hideously thwarted. A hypnotist in a music-hall introduces her True Love: he turns out worst of all, tender, with an itching palm, and her first misadventure is enlarged to near-tragedy in the dark woods high over the Tiber. She comes back along a road in the evening with a happily leering and jigging throng of young peasants.

Cabiria has been brilliantly written and directed by Fellini: indeed, it is his best film to date, the most outrageously funny and thrusting in irony. His incalculable – the she-puppet who is more than puppet – may divide tastes, but her triumphs far outweigh any fallings short.

To find a Graham Greene novel on the screen with its end untwisted may be no new experience; but *The Quiet American* (London Pavilion), produced and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, exceeds all bounds of re-shaping. The original convicted its Coca-Cola boy of a horrible innocence which involved atrocities on women and children; the screen version reverses this verdict, finds the American guiltless, convicts the Communists, pins murder on the bungling Englishman. Unfortunately the world condones such malpractice, especially since Mr Mankiewicz is a skilled technician. Quite a lot remains in his film, because – in his fashion – he has been faithful to Graham Greene's dialogue, and because Michael Redgrave as Fowler gives one of the best performances of his career. For these reasons, one can't say, Don't go; one can say, Go back to the book.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ten Years of Nehru's India

A MILLION Muslims and Hindus had recently been killed in the Punjab bloodbath when I first arrived in India ten years ago. I remember with what deep sorrow Rajagopalachari, at that time Governor of West Bengal, told me that he had until then always believed that there was an instinctive kindness and humanity in the Indian people that would make such horrors impossible. The crowded refugee camps seemed to present an almost insoluble problem of misery. The Mahatma had stopped another massacre in Bengal. He discussed with me the communal problem raised by the fighting in Kashmir, and the next day I sat at his feet in a desecrated Muslim holy place while he preached reconciliation and forgiveness to an awed and frightened audience of Mussulmans. Two days later he was murdered by a fanatical Hindu because he had pleaded for fair play and tolerance for Muslims and, by another fast, had compelled Sardar Patel reluctantly to pay the last rupee that India owed to Pakistan.

Gandhi's murderer achieved the reverse of what he intended. His death inaugurated a period of communal peace. As Home Minister, Patel answered the accusation that he had been too tender to Bombay communalists by effectively suppressing the RSSS, the militant, and potentially Fascist, section of the Mahasabha. Nehru at the microphone pleaded for a 'democracy in which minorities may live at peace'. In the aftermath of violence, his plea won national acceptance.

Old British hands, who had seen what they had expected in the communal massacres, were proved wrong about the possibilities of peace in India, and the 43 million Muslims in India – more than the population of West Pakistan – live without fear of violence. They have their local and personal grievances about discrimination in the matter of jobs. Though appointments at the centre genuinely depend on merit, this seems to be not wholly the case in the provincial civil service, and, in private industry, British firms operating in India follow the example of Hindu firms and seldom appoint Muslims. In general Hinduism is a tolerant religion and Nehru could boast, if he wished, of secular India as his most remarkable achievement. It is unhappily not yet a consolidated and irreversible achievement. It will not be so until a settlement is reached between India and Pakistan. This is now very difficult; it is a measure of the difficulty that Muslims in India now oppose any concession to Pakistan in Kashmir lest it should lead to the revival of communalism. Ever since 1948 the Mahasahba demand for a Hindu India has been silenced by the reminder that India is in fact a non-communal state which includes one province with a Muslim majority and a Muslim premier.

Communal fighting was only one of the disasters prophesied by old British hands who thought that, once 'the steel frame' of British rule was removed, India would be 'Balkanised'; the princely states would fight for their independence; the public service would sink into decay and corruption; Communism would flourish; and India would turn against Britain and the Commonwealth. No picture could have been more sharply falsified by events. On each visit to India, I find Indians more friendly to the British. They find us quite agreeable now that we no longer try to rule them. Suez has not been chalked up against us as a people, and even Mr Macmillan met with a welcome that clearly moved and surprised him. The faith of liberals, who believed that Indians would lose the chip on their shoulders, once the British got off their backs, has been justified. The embarrassments of our relations have disappeared. The outstanding quality of India is a warmth and spontaneous friendliness to the foreigner. As to the prophesied corruption, there is less of it than in most countries and the public reactions to the Chagla Report and to the resignation of T. T. Krishnamachari has been exactly parallel to the British reaction when we have an inquiry into a budget scandal – a chorus of self-congratulation that democracy is prepared for a public purge when dubious transactions are exposed in high places. There were some who licked their chops, satisfied that the incident had toppled the ICS from its self-righteous perch, but the main feeling was satisfaction that a High Court judge had upheld the high standards of public life.

In fact, the civil service administration in India is on the whole efficient and honest. The visitor would not always gather this from the prevailing pessimism of Delhi. The nearer one approaches the village community, or the new industrial projects, the more one is likely to find dedication and enthusiasm. Delhi is a town of bureaucrats, washing the dirty linen of each other's departments. You will be told in Delhi, for instance, that the Community Projects are a total failure, because they have developed rather more slowly than optimists hoped. Nor is it easy in Delhi to get a fair appreciation of anything as unofficial as Vinoba Bhave's Bhudan movement. Yet in his own way – essentially Gandhi's way – Vinoba Bhave is actually doing over a surprisingly large area what the official Community Projects are often unable to do. Today whole villages are inspired to pool their land, and voluntarily to undertake co-operative farming. The Communists no longer scoff at a popular appeal which is revolutionary in its character and which begins at the grass roots. The westerner can only be surprised that a religious and moral appeal can lead to the voluntary surrender of five million acres.

Planning

Planning, of course, has not been wholly a success; I met a few months ago an international banker who declared that the most important thing in the world was to see to it that India received the international loans or credits she needed. Since then there has been an improvement; credits of one sort or another have come from the US, the USSR, Japan, Germany and Britain. Mistakes have been made. India was far too prodigal of her limited foreign exchange when T. T. Krishnamachari was Minister of Commerce; it was he who granted too many import licences and he who, as Finance Minister, undertook the Crippsian task of cutting down imports and imposing heavy taxation on business. He pulled India round a difficult corner into which he had himself steered it. His taxation policy (which owed something to the Cambridge economist, Nicholas Kaldor) infuriated sections of the business community. T.T. is not Socialist, but he won favour with Nehru by an economic policy which tended to lessen inequalities. It is also true that during T.T.'s reign the private sector gained at the expense of the public; this is not unnatural in a period when foreign exchange is badly needed, since it is easier to get foreign credits or loans for private than for public enterprises. It was not, it should be added, T.T.'s fault that an alarmingly high percentage of India's foreign exchange was spent on arms; Kripalani's attack during the recent budget debate on India's purchases of Canberras and Hunters seemed to have economic, as well as moral, justification.

Serious Socialists are worried because the Second Five Year Plan has been so much whittled down, but it is the balance and the priorities rather than the speed and quantities that give cause for alarm. The whole section dealing with the heavy electrical equipment has been shelved and sufficient emphasis has not yet been placed on the fertilisers that could double India's agricultural output. The great fertiliser factory at Scindri is in the long run at least as important as the great dam at Nanghal, but I am told by experts whom I trust that a few dozen Scindris are really India's first need. Without a vast increase of fertilisers there is no way of preventing the population figures from always off-setting increases of production. In a Communist economy heavy industry can be developed while the masses wait for any improvement in living standards; democratic planners have to make concessions to the voters' urgent needs. The tremendous industrial development of the last ten years has, at most, improved the standard of living by about 2 per cent. – which is not really much if one remembers that the total average income of an Indian is worth about half a rupee a day. But it is also to be remembered that India's standard of life had probably been *falling* for the previous 30 years.

Planning and Population

In many parts of India, the average increase is 1.58 per hundred while in unemployed Kerala it is about 2.2. India may have a population of something like 600 million before the end of the century. The only long-term remedy is a drastic birth control programme, a fact that China has now fully recognised. In India, Nehru and Radakrishnan and others have from time to time stressed the need of family planning, a phrase

that I am told is embarrassingly difficult to translate into Indian languages. Much has been said about the 'rhythmic period'. But that in practice scarcely affects the birth rate. Some clinics are being set up and a good deal of money is being spent on distributing types of contraceptive which are much too expensive and difficult for use in the conditions of an Indian village. I am told that women who go into hospitals for childbirth – a minute proportion – nowadays commonly agree to a painless sterilising operation after their fifth child. The world awaits for science to solve the problem that science has created. For does it not stand to reason that if there is death control there must also be birth control? If the WHO and other medical institutions can wipe out such crude Malthusian remedies for over-population as cholera, smallpox and malaria, must it not also provide an artificial method of restoring the balance of life and death?

Given a period of external peace in which the Socialist pattern of society (to which India is committed) is pursued I do not doubt that these problems of planning and birth control will be solved. Communalism is scotched; India is moving towards a welfare state; it is still united after ten years of independence. In fact Nehru is making the secular democratic India that he promised. But how far does progress depend on Nehru?

Nehru and Congress

To an alarming extent the new India is identified with the personality of the Prime Minister. He is a giant standing among men of no more than average height. He has only to announce his coming to find hundreds of thousands to listen to him. He need prepare nothing. They do not criticise if he allows his thoughts to come out in a rambling discourse, in which he intermingles fact and speculation, aspiration, disappointment, praise and scolding. This technique works less well in the Lok Sabha, where Nehru has recently been subjected to serious criticisms. He is far from being a dictator. On long-term main issues of policy, such as the Five Year Plan, no serious voice contradicts him in private or in public. But he pays a price for his reliance on the Congress machine. How often did I hear people say: 'Of course, it will be all right as long as Nehru is here. But Nehru can't last for ever, can he?' And so it is today with every decision and every problem. It's either 'I suppose Panditji stuck up for this fellow from personal loyalty and so we've got to put up with it'. Or, 'I suppose Panditji had to give in to the Congress bunch'.

The key to understanding political India today lies in Nehru's relation with Congress. When Britain quitted, Congress had done its work, and might have been expected to break up. Its unifying factor was national opposition to the imperial power; it contained in itself incompatible groups. It had two natural leaders, Nehru on the left and Sardar Patel on the right. A few months before the assassination, the Mahatma urged them to split Congress and give India a two-party system. They were, however, persuaded that it would be premature to divide Congress and they continued to disagree as joint leaders of the party. Gandhiji's murder again brought them close together, and Nehru has ever since been prepared to make the compromises necessary to hold Congress together under his leadership. The Socialists had decided to break with Congress before the Mahatma's murder. It is easy to see why Nehru preferred to continue as unchallengable leader of Congress and the universally revered head of the nation rather than face the ideological disputes and party battles that would have followed if he had broken from the right wing of Congress and put himself at the head of the contending groups which make up the Indian Left.

We may endlessly debate whether this decision has proved wise. On the one side it may be said that what India wanted after independence was above all unity – freedom from sectionalism, provincialism, communalism and acrimonious party fights, and that Nehru, as head of Congress, could alone avoid these evils and, at the same time, provide India with a foreign policy. Moreover it must be remembered that the few great business firms of India were the chief backers of Congress; that they alone in India, until a new generation of technically trained Indians had grown up, could provide the necessary expert personnel for an expanding industry; and that they have in fact accepted and supported the five-year plans, if not with enthusiasm, at least without sabotage. On the other side it can be urged that Nehru would in any case have been leader of India since the party he supported would certainly have won each general election, and that, freed from the reactionary Congress machine, he could have guided India along her allotted path with fewer divagations and damaging compromises.

Certainly one result of Nehru's decision to remain leader of Congress has been to reduce the Socialist party to impotence. The still small Communist party is the largest opposition group and the Socialists (without any powerful leader since their most respected spokesman, Jai Prakash Narain, eschewed politics in favour of the Land Gift movement of Vinoba Bhave) are helpless in the face of the nominal Socialism of the Congress party. What can Socialists do – except jeer from the sidelines – when the Congress declares itself Socialist and offers the country successive five-year plans? They had no basis for opposition when Congress itself agreed to a public sector including coal, steel, the railways, national insurance and a host of desirable public projects of development. They could only argue that the ministers responsible for the five-year plans were men who came from private business, detested Socialism and carried out a Socialist policy half-heartedly and reluctantly.

The unreality of Congress unity – a unity based only on Nehru's leadership and memories of the struggle for independence – becomes every day less easy to conceal. Making full allowance for the hold that Congress maintains in rural India – that is, most of India – it remains true that its authority is seriously undermined by factional dissensions within such states as Madhya Pradesh, Bihar, UP and Bengal. In the recent corporation elections in Delhi, Congress contested all the 80 seats and won only 31, while the orthodox Jan Sangh won 25, the Praja-Socialist and Mahasabha one each, Independents 14 and the Communists eight.

Again in the Rajya Sabha elections (the upper House, one-third of whose membership is elected every two years) the Congress has lost heavily, while the Socialists and Communists have gained ground. The Congress is of course still assured of a large majority in the upper House, but the trend in most of the states (the exceptions are Madras and Rajasthan) seems unmistakable. The Communists are now making a determined effort to win the electorate; they have 'changed over', they declare, to 'Socialism by peaceful means'. They hope after the next general elections to be in a position to form a government in West Bengal, perhaps in Andhra and (though they must have grave doubts) to be re-elected in Kerala. Their increased influence in the steel and mining industries is alarming the Congress party's very undynamic trade union organisation.

Communism

Communism in Asia is a less terrifying word than in the West; it often means no more than anti-colonialism or a belief that the Chinese are getting on faster with their planning and development than other less rigorously organised countries. In India the surprise is not that Communism has made so much, but so little progress. There are a number of reasons – apart from Nehru's position as leader of a Socialist pattern of society. One reason is that Marxism implies literacy; it is no coincidence that the centres of Communism are to be found among the often unemployed educated – in Calcutta, for instance – and that the first Communist government in India is in Kerala, where the percentage of literacy is the highest in the sub-continent. Moreover resistance to Communism amongst the uneducated is stronger in India than elsewhere in Asia. India is essentially a religious country, and Hinduism – a state of mind and way of life, not a church or body of doctrine – is of all religions the farthest removed from the logical, scientific and materialist propositions of Marxism. It is a mistake to think that poverty and ignorance are the soil of Communism; the breakdown of government and the existence of an organised revolutionary party are the essentials.

Communist leadership has not been such as to create confidence among the workers of India. The Communists left it to Congress and the Socialists to oppose the imperialist war against Germany; after 1941 it became a war against Fascism in Communist eyes because Russia was on the same side as imperialist Britain. So the Communists began with a handicap in free India and further increased the stakes against themselves by a doctrinaire contention that the British would never voluntarily leave India. Even when the British did go, the Communists declared that it was only a fake and illusion; and when, in 1948, for the first time, India clearly had a democratic government, they began a policy of violence and revolution. Only recently have the Communists begun to recover from this bad start. People did not believe them when they changed from daily denigration to flatulent praise of Nehru – it was *Pravda's* change on this point that made them look so foolish in the Andhra election of 1955. But today the declarations of the party which has won power constitutionally in Kerala are taken more seriously. After all they have a chance of constitutional victory and no chance of revolution. And if Russia and China hope to win world power by peaceful competition and the internal contradictions of capitalism, may not Indian Communism also win without violence?

Kerala

Kerala, the first Indian state to have a Communist government, takes one by surprise. I don't only mean because this tropical world of coconut palms and bananas and pineapple and paddy and tapioca, with wooded mountains and tea and rubber plantations, all bathed in brilliant sunshine, is a luxury to the eye. I mean that the Maharajahs once built fine modern streets and that these

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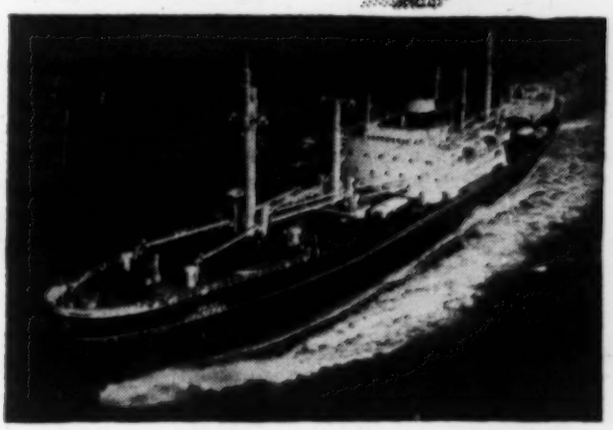

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are gay with school children carrying satchels; that the superficial appearance of Trivandrum is clean and agreeable and successfully disguises its desperate poverty and unemployment. The percentage of literacy in India as a whole is still only 18 per cent., but in Kerala 75 per cent. of men and 55 per cent. of the women are literate. Ninety per cent. of the children go to school. Primary schools are mostly run by Christians, who amount to about one-third of the population. Only 978 of the 3,283 primary schools are state-owned. One is in the familiar atmosphere of an education controversy which is really much more about religion than about education. And the first needs that you expect any progressive administration to be confronted with in India are already satisfied. Kerala's problem is not 'development' of essential services such as roads and hospitals, but of industries to raise productivity and living standards and provide work.

Politically the Communist administration is in a precarious position. They have a majority of two and must rely on the support of Independents. Only 35 per cent. of the voters voted Communist, most of them because the Congress government they supplanted was corrupt and inefficient. There was widespread rejoicing when they took office; almost everyone was glad to see Congress go. Today they are themselves violently attacked, partly because the unemployed believed their too optimistic electoral promises, and partly because the powerful church authorities are on principle determined to attack whatever they do. They are accused, as Congress was accused, of corruption, but with an important difference. Whereas Congress leaders were said to be personally corrupt, the Communist leaders are not even charged with making money for themselves, but with cunningly building up their party funds from public resources. They are said, in one well-known case, to have purchased land nominally to house Untouchables, who are their staunch supporters, at exorbitant prices, on the understanding that the landowner who sold it would pass back some of the money to the party coffers. The most important accusation is that they have bought inferior rice from a private Communist agent in Andhra at an absurdly high price. The Chief Minister has denied this categorically, and when I was in Kerala had announced that, if the opposition did not accept his account of the transaction, he would appoint a public inquiry.

The bitterest opponent of the Communists is the Catholic Archbishop, the head of a church which claims with historical justification to date back to St Thomas and the 1st Century AD. He is a most agreeable and hospitable conversationalist, highly skilful at denigrating the Communist regime. The organisation he improvised to oppose the government's education bill was highly efficient. When one examines this bill it seems not very terrible. The curriculum of all the schools in Kerala is in any case laid down by the state, which pays grants to the managers of religious schools for their upkeep and maintenance. The Communists declare that it is common practice for teachers in denominational schools to accept lower wages than they are nominally paid and to pass over the difference to the school authorities. The bill proposes that all teachers should be paid directly by the state, and the churches believe that they intend to make a panel of teachers and select only Communists from it. This bill was sent for approval to the President, who decided that it contained points which were legally dubious under the constitution. It was therefore submitted for an advisory opinion to the Supreme Court, and the Kerala government now has the grievance that although seven months have passed the judges have not yet given a decision.

I had an enlightening conversation with a young Indian as soon as I arrived. He introduced himself as we drank iced lemon squashes at the hotel. He worked, he explained, on a big tea plantation four hours' drive away in the mountains. How had the Communist government affected the plantation? When it was first elected, he said, things were terrible. The peons were quite out of hand and thought they could do what they liked. They marched about shouting slogans and even 'pushed over a European manager'. The police wouldn't touch them. In the old days, he explained, they took away troublesome workers and beat them up. I interrupted at this point to ask whether he thought it a good thing for the police to beat people up without inquiry or trial. 'Well,' he said, again assuming that since I was European I must be sympathetic, 'it's not sensible if they knock him about so much that he's no good for work.' 'Things were more orderly now?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'the police are more active now, but they still do not dare to touch anyone.'

A few days later I drove out to a big British plantation where the European manager showed me how the green leaves off the bushes are turned into the tea we buy in packets. It was a glorious place, obviously expertly managed. I asked him about his labour problem. He said he had no trouble at all, though there had been some on neighbouring farms a year or two earlier. The workers, he said, were well paid nowadays; an interim award gave them one rupee and 11½ annas a day. Unlike the Indian manager, who had spoken of this award as a shocking affair, he seemed pleased that his men and women pickers and labourers were reasonably content and added the curious information that the company nowadays made a present of 65 rupees (say about £5) to aid expenses when a baby was born. That, I remarked, ought to increase the birth rate in a terribly over-populated state. 'Oh yes,' he said. 'They regard it as a regular annual bonus.'

I was reflecting on this anti-Malthusian incentive and on the numerous stories about the police being 'neutralised' and corrupted by the Communists when I talked to the Prime Minister and to a number of his colleagues. I asked Mr Namboodiripad what his government had been able to accomplish in less than a year of office. He said that many people had thought the Communists were some kind of satanic beings with horns and hoofs; they now knew they were just human beings. Yes, I said, but economically? He shook his head. The government had not been able to do anything substantial. And I soon understood why. The constitution of India, of course, precludes them from doing anything revolutionary. The land bill they have introduced, which enables the tenant very gradually to buy out his landlord, is not substantially different from land reforms introduced in other states. They cannot constitutionally expropriate the plantations, even if they wanted to. But that is not the real trouble. They are as well aware that the state lives on the customs revenue from tea more than on any other asset. Their real trouble is not the limits imposed on them by the constitution, though it is true that if they infringed it they would be summarily turned out of office and direct presidential rule from Delhi would be substituted. Their difficulty is that the land is already fragmented into tiny parcels, that the only way of increasing its yield is by importing far more fertiliser than they can afford; that unemployment among the educated classes is pathetically and dangerously large, and that the one other economic remedy – to start new

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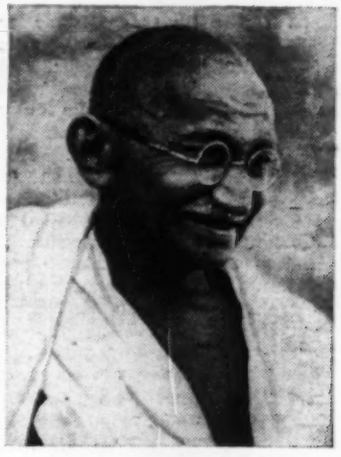
industries – demands far more capital than they possess if it is to be done by the state. To attract foreign capital to set up new industries is particularly difficult for a Communist government. So far they have not managed to persuade anyone to start the tyre manufacture which would be particularly suitable in an area which produces rubber. And the same is true so far of processing the pepper they produce or of starting the paint manufacture for which the materials are on the spot. In short, they have taken over a province whose economic problems cannot be solved by a provincial government.

Linguistic Problem

According to the official linguistic survey of India, there are 179 Indian languages and 544 dialects, all or almost all being divisible into four main family groups – Indo-Aryan, Dravidian, Austro-Asiatic and Tibeto-Burman. The various linguistic regions have in course of time been crystallised into distinct cultural units. There was, of course, a similarity in the ways of life of a people in these regions, but the similarity was not greater than it was among the countries of Europe. The fact that India feels itself to be a nation while Europe has failed to achieve any kind of a unity is solely explained by British occupation. Before that India was like traditional China or early medieval Europe; it had a common culture, but not a centralised administration.

With the departure of the British the states that had the most deeply rooted local cultures naturally tended to reassert their own languages and traditions. They resented the attempt to give effect to the constitutional provision for making Hindi the official language of India. This resentment was by no means appeased by the States Reorganisation Commission which was originally set up to satisfy the demand for the formation of linguistic provinces. The Commission also laid emphasis on 'other factors relevant to the reshaping of the political geography of India such as national unity and administrative, economic and other considerations'. Many regions objected to the reorganisation. In the state of Bombay, for instance, the Gujeratis (mainly the business community) and the Maharashtrans (the large majority of workers) were both dissatisfied with the decision which left Bombay the one Indian state with two official languages. Both claimed the city of Bombay for their own, and though the riots were suppressed, no one thinks that the issue has been finally settled. The Maharashtrans, who are the majority in the city, have the support of the Communists, in demanding that Bombay shall be recognised as a Maharashtran state, and it is on this issue that the next election will be fought in Bombay.

The trouble in other parts of India has arisen because those who want Hindi to oust English as the official language have pressed their demand tactlessly, one might almost say fanatically, and tried to brush aside objections which should have been taken very seriously. Hindi was decided upon as India's official language by a majority of only one vote in the Constituent Assembly. The percentage of people who speak Hindi – together with those who speak Urdu and Punjabi, which are enumerated separately in the Constitution – is 42 per cent. Hindi is the language of Delhi, Bihar, Uttar Pradesh (the old United Provinces) and Madhya Pradesh (formerly the Central Provinces); it is also widely spoken in Rajasthan and a few Punjabi districts. It has no literary tradition comparable with that of Tamil or Bengali, and although many books are now written in Hindi, it will have to be deliberately and artificially developed if it is to



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take the place of English. Purists declare that more than 300,000 new words must be invented to cover the needs of modern society: so far they have suggested about 35,000. More practical people are content for the language to develop naturally, absorbing as it goes the many internationally known English words such as a railway train or atomic bomb.

The language of the Dravidian states of the south—Tamil in Madras, Malayalam in Kerala, Kanada in Mysore and Telegu in Andhra have totally different roots. If Hindi is the only official language, few in the South will be able to read the words on a telegraph form, and children in Madras must learn an additional foreign language as alien as English from their mother tongue. The same complaint is widely and noisily heard from Bengal. The biting edge of protest is that to make Hindi the official language gives an unfair advantage in the competition for government jobs—an increasingly important matter in a vast country which is planning a welfare state. It is this factor that provides the bitter emotional force behind the cry of 'Hindi imperialism'. The linguistic revolt is, in fact, part of a revolt against Delhi, a provincial protest against centralisation.

Even if we write off the excitable protests of Bengal and assume that the Akali Party in the Sikh area of the Punjab will also prove politically unimportant, we still have the unresolved conflict between the Maharashtrans and the Gujeratis in Bombay, and, more significant, the growth of the Dravida Kazhagam and the Nam Tamizhar in southern India. These are all regional developments which could, if unwisely handled, be the basis for separatist movements. Some of the Tamils have gone so far as to demand a sovereign state, including both Madras and the Tamil areas of Ceylon. In Madras, the separatist movement also expresses itself in a violent, almost Fascist, persecution of the Brahmins, who are now paying the penalty in changing India for their past assumption of intellectual and moral superiority.

Two things remain to be said about the effort to impose Hindi. The first is that the case for substituting it for English as the official language of India seems doubtfully good for India. The argument in favour is that a great nation must have its own national language. Like other nations, the Indians wish to make their own contribution to the Tower of Babel at the United Nations; if they were more rational than the rest of us, they would be proud of contributing to world unity by continuing to speak, excellently and fluently, what is increasingly the international language of English. But no. Like the Arabs and the Russians, they would prefer the honour of being listened to in translation. Naturally, the four million or so English-speaking Indians understand the danger of allowing the standard of English to deteriorate. When Nehru called an Asian conference in Delhi in 1947, English was the only language of communication between North and Southern Indians, Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, Indonesians and Phillipinos. Not an advantage, one would have thought, easily to be foregone. Educated Indians have expressed to me their alarm as the prospect of English taking its place only as a secondary language. If Hindi becomes the only official language, English will still have to be learnt by senior officials who will become a separate group transacting international business, linguistically trained as members of the Foreign Office are today in England. I found many to agree with me when I suggested that there was no real reason why English and Hindi should not both and equally be established as official languages.

The attempt to substitute Hindi has a second grave disadvantage. English has behind it a great cultural tradition, in which educated India shares to the full. If Hindi becomes the only official language this world cultural inheritance will be confined to an increasingly small class. The Bengalis, Punjabis, Tamils and the Malayalam speaking peoples will, I hope, maintain their own rich cultures, based on their own languages. But comparatively few children at school will learn more than a smattering of two other languages. One fears that English would only be learnt in India as the public school boy in England now learns French.

The Congress Party leaders are aware of these dangers. The spectre of separatism, particularly in the South, has been enough to make them decide to go slow. Thus it is not surprising that on 17 January 1958 an All-India Congress Committee resolved that though the constitution had laid it down that Hindi should become the official language by 1965, 'the approach should be flexible and practical and made by general concensus of opinion'. In short, the substitution of Hindi for English is indefinitely postponed.

I have heard one other suggestion which makes excellent sense to me. The first step towards obtaining a common Indian language and easing the problem of learning it, would be to latinise the script of all Indian languages. The task might be difficult, but it would be less difficult than latinising Chinese writing—a project which the Chinese have now taken in hand.

Prohibition

Prohibition is one of the issues on which it is assumed that Nehru has unhappily given way to a more rigid section of his Hindu colleagues. It is not equally or generally in force. There are dry days, wet days, invalids' permits, visitors' permits; notices in the hotel bedroom telling you that, if you are permitted to drink, you must not share the bottle with your friend. Since many people can get permits of one sort or another, or, if not, can contrive to know people who do, or to brew in their homes—a surprisingly common thing nowadays—an altogether undue amount of attention is paid to alcohol. The comparison with America, which I first knew in the early days of Prohibition in 1922, is irresistible. It may be true that in some villages people get less drunk on toddy than they used to do; and that in a number of working-class homes people live in better houses, feed their children better and commit less crime because they don't spend their money on drink. Even here I am doubtful because so many villagers make toddy in their homes.

Prohibitionists will not understand the lengths to which people will go, even in India, to obtain a drink. Already, all the danger signs are present in a place like Bombay where a serious effort is made to administer the law. A friend told me the other day that he called on a leading public figure who at once offered him a glass of whisky. When a police official called, my friend was surprised that the bottle was not hidden. But he understood why when he discovered that the police official had called to arrange the terms for supplying another consignment of spirits. The corruption that results from Prohibition far outweighs any possible advantages. I know nothing that so degrades society as the knowledge that you and your neighbour both know that you are both breaking the law; and, what is more, that those whose business is to enforce it are also breaking it.

Nor is that the only evil. Many middle-class people who have never learnt to drink, now do so, because Prohibition has made it socially fashionable. And what they drink is to an increasing extent a poisonous stuff, because the more efforts are made to enforce Prohibition, the higher the price of good alcohol, and the greater the efforts made to trick the law by distributing muck. The mistake might have been condoned if there was not the example of America which tried Prohibition for a decade and abandoned it. In India, where the habit of drink-

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ing is not at all universal it would have been easy further to reduce it. But people like Morarji Desai would not listen to advice; they rejected the proposal to manufacture a three per cent. alcohol beer which would have been useful as well as popular with the mass of workers in a hot country, and they were willing to throw away a large item of revenue which they could very properly have maintained, as other countries do, by a high duty on spirits.

Conclusion

Looking back over ten years we see that Nehru, by the force of his personality and the spell of his name, has imposed a secular, scientific and socialistic pattern upon a society in which the cast system, communal violence, very rugged individualism, the more superstitious forms of religion and provincial as opposed to national loyalty still flourish beneath the surface. It has been an extraordinary achievement. India's technical, industrial and social advance has been far greater in a decade than in a century of British rule.

The question remains – and everyone asks it – how far the surprisingly rapid integration and modernisation of India depends on Nehru personally. Only last week he confessed, with the candour that is characteristic of greatness, that, at 68, he often feels too tired adequately to face the great issues before his country. He could retire, reserving the right to succumb to a later mood when he might wish to return to politics. When and if that happens, what will be the effect in India?

Two comments occur to me as worth making. First, it is silly for the western critic to argue that no one is irreplaceable, that people were needlessly afraid that the world would cease to go round when the dominant personality of a Roosevelt or Churchill was withdrawn from politics. The comparison is false, for Nehru's position is unique. Individual leadership counts for more in the East and to a quite fantastic extent it is true that all public issues are referred to Nehru for decision – even if in many cases he has inevitably to let others make it.

The second comment is that much that has happened with the sanction of Nehru or under his influence has really been part of the stream of history, inevitable and irreversible. Steel, for instance, has been developed under the public sector, not because Nehru was a Socialist but because not even the vast wealth of the Birlas can in these days finance such national enterprises. India must now continue to plan one way or the other, and a whole generation of young men with a modern outlook will carry on the fight for scientific organisation. It is rather the democratic nature of the welfare state that is Nehru's peculiar contribution. His weakness is not to have built a team of these young men to work with him and ensure continuity of approach. As it is, people fear a social as well as a political crisis when he retires. There are competent Congress politicians to carry on the government after him, and there are able men in the Socialist Party which would be strengthened by the adhesion of progressive members of Congress. But will they or the Communists become the champions of the Socialist pattern? Since Nehru has built no party, will any party effectively maintain his tradition? And if not, may not the Hindu communalists get power into their hands? In a word, have the eggs of the secular, Socialist, scientific democracy been safely scrambled in the last ten years?

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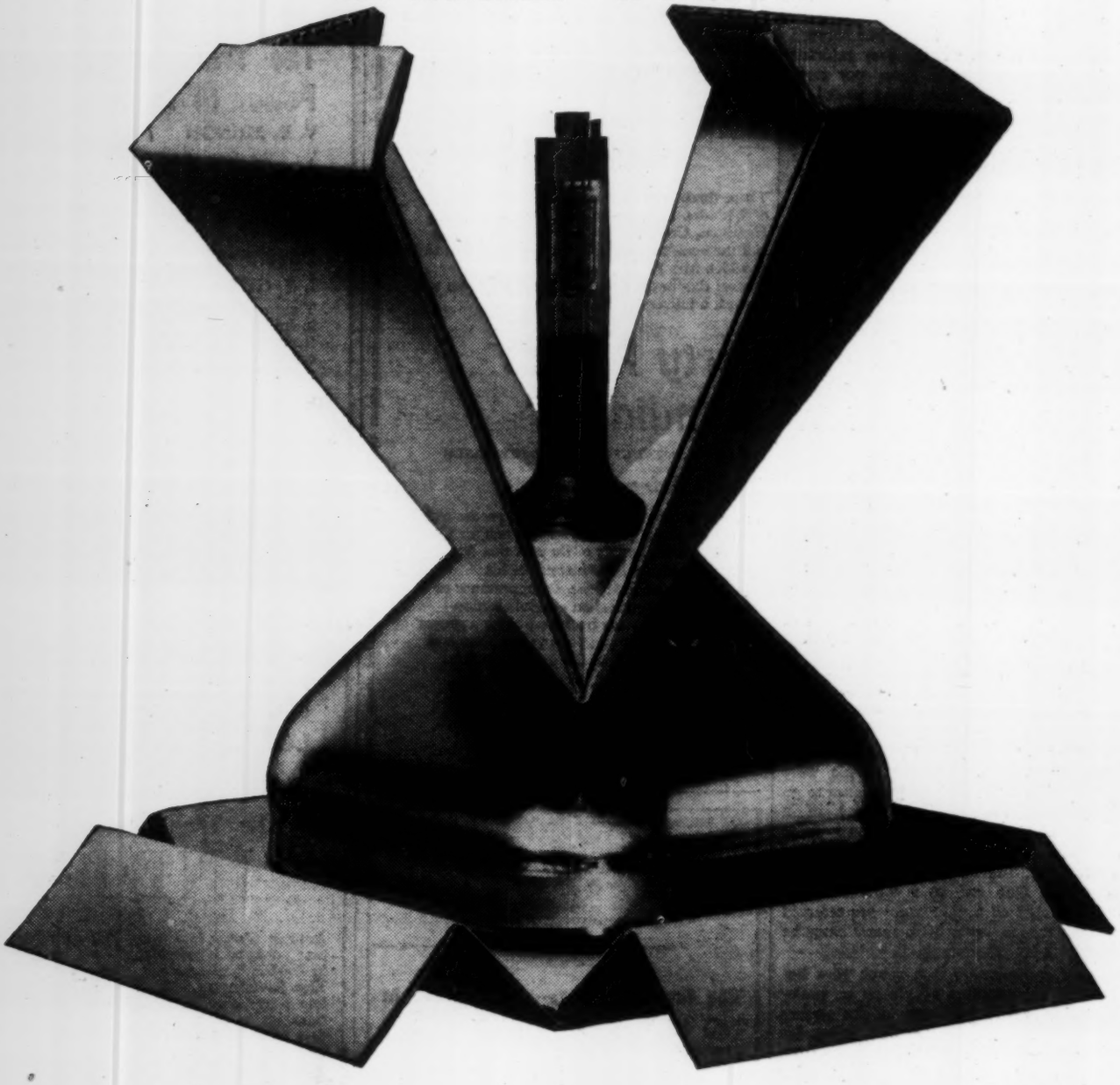

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OBSCENE BOOKS

SIR,—Reviewing Henry Miller's book *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch*, my old friend, Sir Herbert Read, says he is 'puzzled to know what could have brought out the blue pencil of the British printer and publisher'. Relevant to that may I quote from a comment of the *Observer* of 30 March. 'The series of prosecutions for alleged "obscene libel" in 1953-54 were effectively halted by Mr Justice Stable's celebrated summing up in one case.'

They were not. After that the Director of Public Prosecutions re-doubled, or rather trebled, his efforts. Mrs Webb, the highly respected managing director of Hutchinsons, was made to face the rigours of a trial from the dock at the Old Bailey. Mr Walter Baxter and myself afterwards were incarcerated in the same place, but this time the jury refused to convict. Undeterred, the prosecution secured a re-trial and failed again to get a verdict. In yet a further trial no evidence was offered and a verdict of 'not guilty' was recorded. Just afterwards a similar case against Arthur Barker Ltd was heard and the prosecution lost again.

I agree with Sir Herbert Read that Henry Miller is not an obscene writer and neither, in my opinion, is D. H. Lawrence, both of whom we have the honour to publish, but while the Cockburn judgment of 1868 still runs, no publisher should be called upon to risk a repetition of the experiences I have recounted. In these cases the publishers and authors concerned had to fight it out alone without any support from the organised bodies within their professions, and in circumstances which reflect no credit upon those concerned nor upon those who should have been concerned.

It is true that a Select Committee has since been set up, but I cannot find that its recommendations move very far from the law as it was established in 1868. It is interesting, to me at least, that neither myself nor any of my fellow 'criminals' were asked to give evidence before the Select Committee. With the Establishment in inexorable control this is not surprising. What might be surprising would be that they should come up with any recommendations other than the hesitating compromises which they propose.

A. S. FRERE

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CALVARY TO ALDERMASTON

SIR,—Over the Easter holiday most of us spent our time in some innocent and relaxing activity, feeling the need to get out of our usual routines. We visited relations, did the garden, called on friends and spent days in the countryside. Some went to church, watched sports and listened to music, but in the main we talked, laughed and quarrelled amongst our intimates. I expect that, one way or another, most of us at some point recalled the occasion this holiday commemorates, and perhaps felt glad that we hold life to have meaning and value, and that we care enough to celebrate the great human occasions and hold our holidays.

It is therefore of extraordinary significance to us all that Mr Gaitskell, Mr Bevan and Mr Brown chose this occasion on which to make their trip to Paris to discuss nuclear defence with General Norstad. These three Englishmen are in some important way very different to the rest of us, the people they are meant to represent. Ignoring feasts and festivals, with apparently no need to pause and consider, or to refresh themselves, they press on diligently in our service. Eager to protect us, whether we want it or not, they spend Easter grooming themselves for their future office. Involved deeply in the curious intricacies of political debate and military planning, how can they find time to join us and feel involved again (as they once must have) in ordinary mankind?

Is it any wonder that ordinary mankind is beginning to express its anxiety and mistrust in actions like the Aldermaston march, or that many of us feel it would be against our own interests to vote again for men so remote from us as these? The gulf between us is too great for safety.

JANE MALLESON

44 Hamilton Terrace, NW8

SIR,—May I, as an active supporter of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, offer a constructive criticism. There is an almost complete absence from its platforms of any spokesman of the organised working-class movement. In last week's NEW STATESMAN there was a typical advertisement for one of the Campaign meetings. There were one canon and three doctors—all fine men with whom I have no quarrel. But not one trade unionist, not one Labour MP. The Campaign is doing a fine job, but it will only achieve its object if it harnesses that section of the people with power. I quite understand why the organisers don't want to overburden their platforms with Labour men, where, of course, the overwhelming mass of support for the Campaign lies. But I suggest this neutrality is being grossly overdone.

FRANK ALLAUN

House of Commons

SIR,—I think all your readers must be grateful for the noble article entitled 'Calvary to Aldermaston'. You do indeed bring sanity to this vexed and urgent question. I wish the Church would follow your line, and grasp this great opportunity, which it has been given, to lead the nation in repentance and renewal. When so much is excellent, it may seem wrong to criticise, but I deplore the error in the phrase 'the tragedy of Easter'; for Easter holds no tragedy, but only triumph. Good Friday has the tragedy, and that is no part of Easter, but the culmination of Passiontide. If only this nation would, as your article says, welcome 'this tiny step in the right direction', and 'follow it with one of our own', we might begin to leave the blackness of Good Friday tragedy, and see the first glimmerings of the white and gold of an Easter dawn. And is it so much to ask?

ERIC T. COOK

116 Westwood Park, SE23

[We refer to this letter in London Diary.—ED., *NS.*]

THE NEW MODERN CHURCH

SIR,—What is Mr Way's own position, I wonder? He is rather evasive, but a Christian in humanist's clothing would be my own guess.

His attack on the humane attitude expressed by Jacquetta Hawkes includes sweeping and unsupported generalisations which certainly suggest as much. On what grounds, for example, does he feel able to assert that homosexual love is always a 'sterile perversion' and a 'sentimental abstraction'? It may well be, surely, that certain people to whom heterosexuality would be emotionally repellent or impossible can find a very real and valuable satisfaction in this way. Any valid humanism will, I am sure, discuss such problems only in terms of individual experience and a respect for personal integrity. Mr Way's refusal to consider the possibility that anyone differently constituted from himself might have a different type of fulfilment is typical, surely, of the dogmatic temperament, and at the opposite pole to humanism.

On what grounds, again, does Mr Way assert that A.I.D. is always the choice of a selfish wife? Could it not be the choice of husband and wife together? Could it not even be in some cases unselfish? Mr Way might consider, in any case, that married adults are as capable as the rest of us of making important personal decisions, and more capable as a rule of knowing their own business; and that humanism is not usually ready in interfere in matters which should be essentially private.

By what right does Mr Way assure us that divorce is always a 'humiliating admission of failure and waste?' Does he really imagine that a relationship is wasted simply because it comes to an end, or that the continuation of an unworkable marriage is more constructive and civilised than its dissolution? His generalised comment is, once more, a refusal to accept the subtleties of human relationships and the differences between individual situations, and is a thoroughly unhumanistic acceptance of the procrustean moral dogmas of orthodoxy.

If Mr Way would be content to pursue his own happiness and fulfilment, no one would envy him it, and the result might be very constructive. As long, however, as he chooses to make his own temperament and situation a universal measuring rod, and is prepared to dismiss with dangerously insensitive generalities all those who are differently made or placed from himself, he ought not to pose as a humanist. He will merely succeed, if he does, in underlining for true humanists how much there is to admire in the wise tolerance and humility of Miss Hawkes; and how strong the prejudices against which they have to protest still are.

A. E. DYSON

University College of North Wales
Bangor

THE EXPULSION OF HYMAN LEVY

SIR,—As I have just been expelled from the Communist Party after a membership of many years, may I seek the hospitality of your columns for a short statement? The party has always appealed to me because on major matters such as peace and war, nuclear tests and nuclear warfare, its outlook has always appeared sound to me, while on minor matters it has in the past usually been possible to thrash issues out clearly and openly. At the last Congress (the 25th), however, I had to protest publicly at what seemed to me a calculated silence by the 'leadership' on what are now euphemistically called 'miscarriages of justice' during the latter part of the Stalin period, as publicly exposed by Krushchev himself. In my view these could not be brushed aside by glib phrases like 'The Cult of the Individual', but demanded the closest study since they were a phase in the special history of the struggle in the

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Soviet Union for Socialism in a capitalist milieu, as it developed out of the preceding Tsarist regime. I followed this protest by an article in your journal—'A Marxist Party?'. Recently I have written a small book, *Jews and the National Question*, in which I have analysed this problem from a Marxist standpoint, saying quite bluntly—because I believe it to be true—that the handling of certain aspects of this question in the Soviet Union is mistaken. (I should add that on international matters generally I wholeheartedly agree with the Soviet attitude.) Nowhere in this book do I mention this or any other Communist Party. I may be quite wrong in my conclusions; but instead of analysing the question and pointing out where I am in error, the official journal of the British CP, horrified that I presume to criticise the Soviet Union in any way at all, devoted seven columns to what is in effect personal vilification and mispresentation of my views. My expulsion followed inevitably.

But the issue is in no sense a personal one. It is merely concerned with whether matters requiring analysis are to be determined by heresy hunting and dogmatic dictation from what is clearly showing itself to be a self-perpetuating leadership, lurking behind the phrase 'democratic centralism'. This cannot be the party of scientific Socialists as envisaged by its founders.

HYMAN LEVY

The E.T.U. replies to the New Statesman

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THE COOL YOUNG MEN

SIR,—Certain aspects of Graeme Shankland's carefully balanced letter in last week's NEW STATESMAN may not have been fully appreciated by non-architect readers. His loyalty to his employers and professional colleagues at the LCC, and to the whole concept of local government architecture, is too well known in the profession to need praise from me, but I think it has led him to present his argument with a slight tilt, if not an actual slant.

On what he terms 'Hit One', he uses the word *philistinism*, a snobbish term which I avoided, because I was discussing levels of education, not standards of taste. As a lecturer in adult education for more than ten years I have personal knowledge that the visual ignorance of a great deal of councillor-material is appalling, and sometimes wilfully incurable. As a student of the London scene, I also know that boards of directors are—on occasion—just as capable as local authorities of commissioning first-rate architecture, and I hope to discuss a case in point in my next 'salvo'.

'Miss Two'. The reference to 'publicity for their ideas in the *Architectural Review*', must refer to Alison and Peter Smithson (whose period at the LCC seems to have been forgotten even by themselves), James Stirling (whose period of service was about a month) and William Howell. I hope also to discuss the work of these, approximately like-minded architects, in due course but they have not misled me on this point. What happened was that I listed in my mind the buildings that have built up the architectural prestige of the LCC, such as the Festival Hall, the first tall blocks of maisonnettes at Loughborough Road, and so forth, and asked myself where the assistants who designed them are working at the moment. In the case of Loughborough Road, for instance, the answer is: private practice in London, practice and teaching in Cambridge, practice and study in Chicago.

REYNER BANHAM

17 Irene Road
Orpington

DEFENDANTS' COSTS

SIR,—There is much merit in Critic's comments in your issue of 29 March on the refusal of magistrates to award costs to a defendant properly acquitted on a criminal charge. I recall the case of a greengrocer charged with dangerous driving and acquitted at the close of the prosecution case in circumstances which showed clearly that the case should never have been brought, but the magistrate would not order the defendant's costs to be paid by the prosecution. The defendant felt a very strong and justifiable sense of grievance. The legal costs in this case were not very high, but the cost of defending a criminal charge may be very high indeed. Indeed an innocent man might well be financially ruined in establishing his innocence.

Your contributor's comments about civil cases, however, seem to be wide of the mark. I do not believe that county court judges or high court judges refuse to order costs in favour of a legally-aided party who is successful. The Legal Aid Fund expects to recover costs when the assisted person is successful and it does so.

Is your contributor thinking of the case where one party is legally aided and the other not? If successful against a legally-aided person a successful party not so aided will get no costs or perhaps only a nominal sum.

Owing to the out of date basis of assessment people of very modest means can be outside the legal aid system. Thus great hardship can be caused but it is not easy to find a remedy without destroying the basis of the legal aid system, which has enabled many people to obtain justice where they would previously have been without an effective remedy.

C. F. WEGG-PROSSER

159 Edgware Road
London W2

[Critic writes: 'It is Mr Wegg-Prosser who is "wide of the mark". I do hear of cases, though, of course, they are exceptional, in which high court and county court judges have left a "successful" legally-aided party to pay costs which have more than swallowed the amount of damages awarded to him. I could give him the particulars of one such case at this moment. So could the Attorney-General, and so could several MPs, who have all regretfully told the "successful" litigant that they can't help him. Much more frequently, of course, it is the terms of the final settlement that leave the successful party owing more to the Law Society than the amount the judge has awarded him'.—ED., *NS*.]

WAR FILMS

SIR,—I am as sick as Mr Whitebait of all these war pictures, but to lump *Bridge on the River Kwai* in with all the rest of the rubbish seems to be a little drastic. It was rather a good film and was quite decidedly anti-war in its theme and treatment. If one has to choose between sex and war (and it seems most cinemagoers must do so), the present trend, it seems to me, is more acceptable. Apart from the few films which treat the subject with integrity (*Baby Doll*, etc), the sex theme is always given the same overworked, bebosomed sensationalism, whereas many of the recent war pictures (especially those one imagines Mr Whitebait had in mind when he wrote his article) have, at least and sometimes wholly, shown the grim side of warfare. Here are but a few titles of the more enlightened group of 'warmongers': *Paths of Glory*, *Time Limit*, *Kanal*, *Men in War*, *Unknown Soldier*, *Duped Till Doomsday*, and, of course, *Kwai*.

PHILIP JENKINSON

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JARROLDS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Wrack and Crumbling

How suddenly the dark ages began! In retrospect it is hardly credible. The eighty-four years from the murder of Domitian to the death of Marcus Aurelius were a golden age of peace and prosperity, law and culture, unparalleled before and admired ever since. To Francis Bacon this extended 'Age of the Antonines' was 'for temporal respects the most happy and flourishing that ever the Roman Empire (which then was a model of the world) enjoyed'. Gibbon described it 'without hesitation' as 'the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous'. Mommsen doubted whether some parts of the world had ever, before or since, known such good government. 'No dynasty in the world,' wrote Burckhardt, 'has ever produced five such rulers as governed Rome from Nerva to Marcus Aurelius.' From the Tyne to the Tigris, from the Danube to the Sahara, the world was ruled by an enlightened monarchy, adoptive not hereditary, and an enlightened civil service, bound together in the Stoic freemasonry, conscientious, high-minded and rather dull – the Wykehamists of the Ancient World. The great writers who saw the dawn of that age, Tacitus and Pliny, already exhale its spirit: a spirit of justified satisfaction with the present, polished condescension towards the past. And why not? These men could afford the luxury of retrospective irony. The days of civil war and revolution were over. Respectable Stoics no longer had to stab themselves while reading Plato or open their veins while declaiming their own virtuous hexameters. On the throne of the Antonines, those dedicated rulers, there was no room for monsters or voluptuaries. Art and poetry might have dwindled; taste might have decayed: Hadrian's villa might have a touch of Balmoral, and Herodes Atticus, the Nuffield of Athens, might not have improved on its more ancient buildings. But one cannot have everything at once, and one miracle at least had been achieved. The difficult union of *imperium* and *libertas* had been achieved, as it seemed, for ever.

And then, quite suddenly, the collapse began. Some small, unperceived stone was removed from the too perfectly poised edifice of power; there was a rift, a network of rifts, an ominous, protracted noise; and then down it all came, an avalanche gathering fearful momentum. For a century after Marcus Aurelius, Roman history seems nothing but the noise of wrack and crumbling. Emperors arise, one after another, dim figures to us, prisoners condemned to the purple, soldiers now raised, now cast down by wilful armies; and one after another they disappear from view, crushed beneath the swirling rubble of an empire which, with weak, human hands and vain, suicidal heroism, they had sought to uphold. In 84 years we now count not five but 36 – or is it 37? – emperors swept successively past our eyes. And when the worst is over, what do we see? The dust is at last subsiding; the noise of ruin and slaughter, though not silenced, is abated; and a Dalmatian peasant, thirty-eighth in our list, is somehow still standing, still holding up the last tottering pillars of an almost ruined edifice. It is not necessarily because he is greater or stronger than his predecessors, not because he had a genius which they lacked, that Diocletian is found upright and alive, while they are all down and dead: it is simply that the crash is over, the delicately balanced dome of empire is already shattered. The senatorial emperors have been overwhelmed by the first fall; the African and Syrian emperors have been engulfed in the following fabric; and the Illyrians have come in time to shore up the residue: to create out of the ruins the second Roman empire, the first of the Dark Ages.

Yes, the first Dark Age. For what continuity is there between the empire of Trajan or Marcus Aurelius and the empire of Diocletian or Constantine? Gone now is the wealth of the empire. The great internal market, created by the *pax Romana*, is broken up. Gone, or going, are the great cities, rifled and sacked by the emperors themselves, to slake their predatory troops. Rome itself is now a provincial town, unvisited by the new court. The empire has become a rural empire, and its rich men are no longer a cultivated urban bourgeoisie but great feudatories living, like medieval princes, amid a crowd of clients, in castles on their huge estates. Gone is the *carrière ouverte aux talents* of the Flavians and the Antonines: society has become a society of castes, in which every family, every social group, is pinned to its place and crushed by hereditary burdens. Gone are the Roman legions: Rome is now defended, if at all, by barbarian tribes under barbarian leaders: the very word for a soldier is now not *miles* but *barbarus*. Gone is the enlightened civilian empire, replaced by an Oriental despotism, monolithic, theocratic, remote, the Western image of Sassanian Persia. Gone too is the Stoic freemasonry: what appeal can those severe, intellectual and moral doctrines hold for the primitive satraps of the new power? Winchester College presupposes the orderly, educated, conventional society which it helps to continue: a society reduced to rubble requires a more primitive doctrine. We are in the age of crude, magical superstitions: Mithraism, astrology, Christianity – Christianity and barbarism.

What caused the catastrophe of the third century? What force loosed the stone, and what was the stone that was loosed? To answer this question we turn naturally to Michael Rostovtzeff, the greatest ancient historian of this century, whose magnificent study of the Roman Empire is now newly and splendidly re-edited*.

How can one possibly summarise such a work, or extract from it its conclusions, so subtly and tightly bound with the visible and invisible filaments of powerful erudition? One can but simplify, perhaps coarsely simplify. Rostovtzeff saw the age of the Antonines as the culmination of two processes. On one hand, it marked the highest point of ancient 'urbanisation'. The Greek city-state had been carried to the East by the successors of Alexander. There it changed its form, becoming the centre of a far wider area. When the Romans conquered the Hellenistic East, they learned new lessons from such conquest, and in the last days of the Republic Hellenistic models of government, taxation, social organisation were copied in Italy. Under the empire, the pace quickened. Augustus, that great 'Romaniser', who used his triumph to exalt Rome above all her allies and subjects, converted Rome into a Hellenistic city, the Roman empire into a Hellenistic monarchy. His successors went further: as the economic power of the empire was dispersed from Rome to the provinces, so the cities of the provinces acquired the same 'hellenistic' character. By the time of the Antonines, the whole empire had become a huge federation of cities; and Hadrian, that great royal tourist, recognised, by his ceaseless travel, the displacement of civilisation from Rome to Syria and Gaul, Africa and Thrace.

Parallel with this urbanisation of the empire we find, inevitably, the rise of an urban bourgeoisie. To the Marxists a bourgeoisie is a class created by and living on trade and industry; but, of course, this is only half the story. 'Bourgeois' ideals are those not only of business-men but also of officials, lawyers, courtiers: they can be held in a 'feudal' as well as in a 'capitalist' society, provided there is a large and cultivated bureaucracy. The age of the Renaissance is evidence of this – it was not only great merchants, it was civil servants, 'officers', courtiers, clergy who were attracted by the new learning. Similarly, in Rome, the wealth of the cities did not always come from commercial enterprise as we understand it. They lived not on long-distance trade but on the Roman state. They supplied not the country but the army. Trier flourished by supplying the armies of Germany; the Black Sea cities fed the army of the Danube; the British market was not Britain but the army in Britain. But the result was the same. The Roman cities, beautiful, clean and sanitary, with their fine public buildings and public baths, were governed and enjoyed by a civic aristocracy: an aristocracy that was well satisfied with the regime, pleased with its position, proud of the civilised life it had created, the civilised government it had ensured, and willing to show its satisfaction by assuming costly office and making gigantic gifts to the public.

And yet suddenly, after a golden century, all this was destroyed, and the emperors themselves seem to have been its destroyers. How could such a thing happen? Of course, it was not really the emperors who did it. Whenever they could, the emperors resisted the process; but they were driven on by a force stronger than themselves. What was this force? According to Rostovtzeff it was the country: the untamed, unromanised, depressed peasant world which looked with hatred and envy on the rich, comfortable life of the romanised cities in their midst. For to the peasantry around them these cities were alien bodies. The peasants did not speak Roman or Greek like the citizens: they spoke Iberian, Celtic, Illyrian, Punic, Berber. They did not enjoy a high standard of life or comfort: they

* *The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*. By M. ROSTOVTZEFF. 2nd edition, edited by P. M. FRAZER. *Oxford*. 2 vols. 8 *gns*.

lived in resentful squalor and poverty. They were not fed by the cities, but despised and exploited: 'Do you take me,' wrote one Egyptian Greek to another in the third century, 'for a barbarian or an inhuman Egyptian?' Indeed, why should the citizens hellenise or romanise the peasantry around them? Was it not necessary to keep them as they were – in order to supply the army with soldiers? For citizens did not serve in the army: it was the peasants of Illyria and Africa, Syria and Gaul who manned the armies and defended the empire of Rome. Unfortunately, to defend the empire they had to be given arms and military organisation: the citizens had to arm and organise as soldiers men whom, scattered and helpless as peasants, they had thoughtlessly despised and oppressed.

No wonder, when the thin crust of political skill was broken, the grim consequences ensued. All the weight of an over-developed state power, an over-developed city life, fell ultimately on the peasants of the empire. In days of expansion – expanding conquest, expanding prosperity – it might be borne, or at least the resentment could be diverted; but what if that expansion ceased? In the third century a failure of political skill and a failure of prosperity brought a terrible nemesis to the cities of the empire. It was not that the peasants fought for their interests: interests have but little power in history. 'The driving forces were envy and hatred, and those who sought to destroy the rule of the bourgeois class had no positive programme.' For a hundred years the emperors, who owed their power to the army, struggled to wean their masters from this blind destructive rage, but in vain. Nor did the peasants gain anything: 'the old privileged class was replaced by another and the masses, far from being better off than they had been before, became much poorer and more miserable. The only difference was that the ranks of the sufferers were swelled and that the ancient civilised condition of the empire had vanished for ever'. For at the end of the process, the Illyrian emperors were not restorers of the empire: they achieved peace by accepting the facts. They ruralised the empire, redoubled state-power, placed the burden of it forcibly on the impoverished bourgeoisie, and neutralised the army by forming it not out of Roman citizens but out of foreign barbarians: the barbarians who would ultimately destroy even their empire.

Such is Rostovtzeff's 'theory', to which I find it easy to assent. The forces which he isolates and describes are forces which can be detected elsewhere in history, too: the third century A.D. is not the only time when the blind envy and hatred of a previously oppressed class was suddenly and destructively and disastrously armed. The lesson is clear. A high degree of civilisation may be created and preserved by the rule of one class: but such a class must take care not, at the same time, to ignore resentment and to give arms.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A Kangra Painting

Eye-strings, across the tulip, meet:
Radha and Krishna, gaze to gaze.
The embowering forest, birded sweet,
Knows no escape of nights or days.
The endless act of loving stays.

NAOMI MITCHISON

A Domestic Affair

She who had abjured the flesh,
Her heart become the instrument of touch,
Forgot the armoury of her blood.
He who had not loved so much,
Victim of his desire by heart,
Dreamed his way, until the flood
Released him. She pushed the hurt
Of his reserve away. The bare bones
Of her need pressed into him like stones.
He watched her touch him like a ghost:
She, fire freezing into ice, knew them lost.
And, speechless in the quarrel of their loss,
Glad to drift impersonally with words
Of neuter meaning, they came into the cross-
Fire of other lives. Like birds
Long-trapped who see the cage-doors open,
They hesitated: and, turning back
For a last look, saw each other
Beckoned out of range. Then, only then,
Did his eyes, used to wife, mother,
See her, who was, as his own lover:
She, too, seeing his love attack
And fight for hers, caught some
Of his fire. She met his gaze.
And as their love caught and recognised
Itself, they knew it home,
Leaned on its quick exciting rays,
For the first, and last, time surprised.

ALAN ROSS

Instances of Misconduct

The Knights of Bushido. By LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL. *Cassell.* 18s.

Japan and Her Destiny. By MAMORU SHIGEMITSU. Translated by OSWALD WHITE. *Hutchinson.* 30s.

Professor Earl Miner, of the University of California, says in his new book, *The Japanese Tradition in British and American Literature*, that 'the falsest and most unfair images of Japan have been the unquestioningly sentimental image, the condescending image of a toy-like nation, and the spiteful image of a nation of barbarians'. He has noted with surprise, that two or even all three of these images may be held by persons 'otherwise sophisticated and mature'. The catalogue of Japanese atrocities assembled by Lord Russell of Liverpool may well make those who believe the Japanese to be a nation of barbarians say 'I told you so!' Anybody who witnessed or suffered from Japanese cruelty during the Second World War can hardly be expected to believe anything else. Nobody and nothing can excuse these horrors. What made them possible? Professor Miner rightly believes that whatever the cultural or national differences of the Japanese from ourselves, they are human beings with virtues, faults, aspirations and needs more like than unlike our own. It is not necessary to go to the Far East to learn that when men have absolute power and are intoxicated with the abracadabra of militant racialism and militarist nationalism they can forget utterly whatever their nurture may have fostered in them of fellow-feeling.

It is no doubt proper that the all too abundant atrocities Lord Russell enumerates should be put on record, but it would be a disordered nature that could find the reading of them anything but nauseating. Their perpetrators outraged what should be the least violable written and unwritten laws of humanity, and among the varieties of violence, torture, sadism and murder are included vivisection, mutilation, and cannibalism not motivated by hunger. The wrongs done by members of Japan's armed forces during the third and fourth decades of this century, not least against the Chinese and the Filipinos, have greatly damaged her name. These ferocities are bound to have destroyed or weakened willingness to think of her as a nation with claims to respect. 'It would indeed be lamentable,' says Mr Shigemitsu, in his impressive account of Japan's recent history, 'if instances of misconduct were allowed to overshadow the true spirit of the Japanese people.' Unfortunately 'instances of misconduct' is a euphemism so monumental that it seems derisive, and, equally unfortunately, 'the true spirit of the Japanese people' means anything or nothing – or what any crackpot chauvinist chooses to make it mean.

Mr Shigemitsu, as Japanese Ambassador in London, won liking and respect. When he was tried as a 'war criminal' he received a comparatively light sentence because the majority of the tribunal held that 'he took no part in waging a war of aggression before 1943' and that Japan was so completely and autocratically controlled by the Army while he was Foreign Minister (from that date) that 'it would have required great resolution for any Japanese to condemn them.' It would probably have required personal, as well as political, suicide. Whether Mr Shigemitsu's failure to reply satisfactorily to Allied protests against Japanese atrocities while the war was going on is to be ascribed to weakness or ignorance of the facts; his survival enabled him to write an account

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Eyre & Spottiswoode

of the political history of Japan in his time which nobody else could have written. It is the work of a statesman who tried first to prevent and then to stop the war. Even without Mr Shigemitsu's testimony it is possible to perceive that he had more foresight, more sense, and more dignity than most of his colleagues. His story is largely one of deferred hopes that things would get better while they were getting elaborately and ominously worse. It is a story of defeat, of the 'political bankruptcy' of Japan that led to it, of a selfish and insensate pursuit of 'glory', of wasted heroism, and of a politically immature and emotional nation misled and ruined by its government. A more powerful object-lesson of the evils of militarist nationalism, calling itself patriotism, cannot be imagined. The stupidity of the Japanese Army was a powerful aid to its enemies. Its leaders, who took German as well as Japanese victory for granted, and who understandably allowed their great early successes in the war to go to their heads, ensured defeat by bad organisation and miscalculation in every sphere. The Army and the Navy would not work together, and Mr Shigemitsu relates that General Tojo did not hear of the Midway defeat until a month after it occurred, and, incredibly, that the details were 'never' divulged to the nation or the Cabinet.

Wrong aspirations and bad government give scope to what is basest in nations; they wrecked Japan as, in other forms, they have wrecked other countries. If Mr Shigemitsu, in explaining what happened, excites something not wholly unlike fellow-feeling in distant readers, he will have done better than sentimentality, condescension or spite on their part can ever do.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Intelligence and Insight

The Shaping Spirit. By A. ALVAREZ. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Mr Alvarez's excellent book of studies reminds us that an increasing number of younger scholars are thoroughly at home with both English and American poetry. They do not assume a common tradition; good critical insight sharpens the sense of differences beneath the common qualities. One of their rewards is a better perspective on the whole course of poetry written in English during the last half-century.

Since Mr Alvarez has fine critical equipment his book illustrates this reward well. Larger questions of the differences between the two traditions occupy most of his opening and closing essays; in between are examinations of individual poets, both English and American. He does not argue a thesis throughout. But his general observations illuminate the particular examinations, and are illuminated by them.

Mr Alvarez's central strength as a critic may be best introduced by one of his own remarks, from his essay on Hart Crane:

> My object here is to see what is first and worth while in his verse, not to show what everyone knows.

The catholicity implied in the first half of this quotation allows him to discuss poets as unlike each other as Wallace Stevens and Hart Crane with a sensitive hospitality, emphasising the 'abstraction' of one and the 'concreteness' of the other, and making out a very good case for the virtues of each. The quotation's second clause indicates that Mr Alvarez wastes no time or sentiment. He yields more than once to the temptation to produce a mildly arresting opening (as on Pound and Empson); and he indulges now and again in a briskly reductive aside (as on Dylan Thomas and Saul Bellow). But for the most part his manner is cool, alert and highly intelligent. He has a close and sensitive way of moving into the heart of a passage's effect which has something in common with the criticism of Professor R. P. Blackmur, to whom he is avowedly much indebted. As a result we are almost everywhere closely engaged whilst reading. We find ourselves in contact with an unusually perceptive mind, and though sometimes we might wish to alter an emphasis or extend the line of thought so as to make a further connection, only occasionally are we likely to be in outright disagreement.

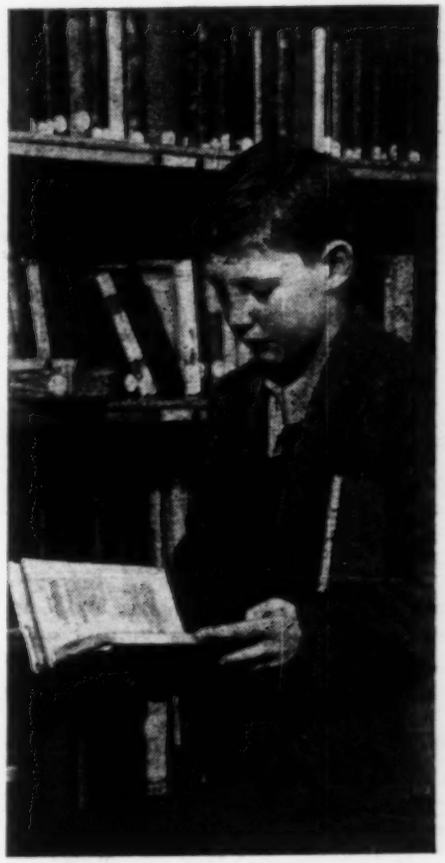
Thus, the discussion of the American poet's need for an 'orthodoxy' and, by contrast, of the English poet's possession of a 'tradition' is very suggestive – and, incidentally, cuts right through the banalities of more parochial and one-track accounts of recent English poetic developments. The closing general essay has a similar strength, especially where Mr Alvarez discusses the different degrees to which writers of each country share a 'moral world' with their society:

> The better and more powerful their [the Americans'] work, the nearer it draws to poetry. And this has nothing to do with technique with words. . . . What matters is that the artist views his material without the intricate filters of social convention. In fact, he hardly *views*; he feels it nakedly, as though every scene and event were part of his inner life.

Mr Alvarez goes on to suggest that the American artist's sense of alienation works 'solely' towards the discovery of his own moral identity. This seems too outright a generalisation. Giving texture to much of the best American literature (particularly in the novel), whether the tone is heroic or ironic, there is surely a complex and fruitful sense of a kind of social commitment, one which does not minimise the disillusions of reality but is still deeply involved with the revivifying possibilities, with the finer affirmations, of the American dream – with what Professor R. W. B. Lewis recently called, in *The American Adam*, 'the special complexities, the buoyant assurance and the encircling doubt of the still unfolding American scene'. The note can be heard – to choose titles almost as they come to mind – in *The Great Gatsby*, *The Catcher in the Rye* and, for all its weaknesses, *The Adventures of Augie March*.

Mr Alvarez's essays on individual writers engage one in a similar way. He brilliantly analyses Eliot's 'impersonality' so as to show how it makes for his special strength; yet one feels he might have gone further in examining the penalties of the insufficiencies he has noted (the sharply limited responses, especially as they are revealed in the verse and attitudes of the plays). He is excellent on the 'energy' of Empson's poetry, though he perhaps undervalues the importance of 'personal intensity' in successful poems such as *To an Old Lady*. Doesn't the energy come not so much from the 'tact' of the tone as from the tight interaction between the disciplining powers of that tact and the fierce pressure of personal intensity beneath? Auden's pleasant but, comparatively, slack *The Model* (which has a similar theme) throws into relief the strength of Empson's poem.

On Auden himself Mr Alvarez is much less satisfactory. He reduces Auden's early work by stressing its cleverness and coldness but seems not at all to respond to those virtues which have now been convincingly analysed by Mr John Bayley. These qualities spring precisely from Auden's personal involvement, and do not notably appear in *The Witnesses*, a poem Mr Alvarez praises highly. But one comes back, for most of the time,



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CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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to admiring agreement: with, for example, much of Mr Alvarez's case for valuing the poetry of Lawrence more highly; or with his individual judgments, such as his firm strictures on Pound's over-anthologised Canto XLV, on Usury; indeed, with a great number of excellent passages of clinching analysis, of which this fragment must serve as a closing example. Mr Alvarez is discussing Empson's *Missing Dates*:

> It is a famous and convincing poem, and doubtless the product of much suffering. But there is a curiously static quality about it [detailed illustrations follow]. . . . Then there is the heavy, flat rhythm, which is apt enough for the subject of the poem – the inevitability of defeat – but which works like a drug; it deadens you into accepting the resigned emptiness, but spares you the more personal difficulty of feeling the poet's conclusions out for yourself. There is no question of the tone being forced or false; but the real poem seems to have happened before the actual poem, as it is on the page, was written. . . .

RICHARD HOGGART

New Novels

Balthazar. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Mark of the Warrior. By PAUL SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

Home from the Hill. By WILLIAM HUMPHREY. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Say You Never Saw Me. By ARTHUR NESBITT. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Mr Durrell's four-decker novel, of which *Balthazar* is the second part, is obviously going to be a major work of fiction of our time. Its form, Mr Durrell tells us, is based on the relativity proposition, and the point of view from which it is written is expressed by one of his characters, the novelist Pursewarden:

> We live lives based upon selected fictions. Our view of reality is conditioned by our position in space and time – not by our personalities as we like to think. Thus every interpretation of reality is based upon a unique position. Two paces west or east and the whole picture is changed.

Balthazar is a practical application of the theory, for it is, as it were, a gloss on Mr Durrell's earlier novel *Justine* in the light of further and disconcerting information on the characters and events related there that has come to its narrator from the psychiatrist Balthazar. The shift in the point of view reveals the characters of the earlier book in a wholly new pattern; whether it reveals a deeper truth about them we shall know, I imagine, only when we have the complete work, and perhaps not then, for the difficulty of discovering a graspable truth about personal relations is obviously part of the theme of the work. As Balthazar says: 'Truth is not what is uttered in full consciousness. It is always what "just slips out" – the typing error which gives the whole show away'.

But though the characters are now seen in an essentially different relationship to one another, they are as vivid, as challenging, as firmly drawn as ever, steeped through and through with the atmosphere and being of Alexandria, the fabulous city of many races and many religions, with all its attributes of beauty, antiquity, perversity and decadence. Among living writers there are few to equal and none to surpass Mr Durrell in evoking the living mystery of a specific place: his Alexandria exists in depth, and his characters partake both of its depth and its mystery. *Balthazar* demands and deserves close attention in reading. It is brilliant in the primary sense of the word: gleaming with light, flashing with colour, and sparkling with wit and perception. There are superb set-pieces, the description of the Coptic feast of *Sitna Mariam,* the description of the Carnival; but everything is pegged to reality by the reality, which is both poetic and intellectual, of the characters themselves, Justine, Nessim, Narouz, Clea, Pursewarden. One is left eagerly awaiting the next shake of the kaleidoscope.

By comparison, Mr Paul Scott is monkish and austere. His theme is the mystique of the soldier, the mystique of leadership, and admirably he executes it. The setting of the novel is an officers' training camp on the borders of India and Burma during the war, and the essential situation the confrontation between a middle-aged professional soldier who knows he has failed in the jungle and the young cadet who proves himself the born killer. Apart from half a dozen pages of prologue, there is no actual account of warfare in this novel; the action is worked out in terms of a very small-scale exercise for officer-cadets in the Indian jungle. Curiously, *The Mark of the Warrior* gains in power from this apparent restriction of the action. This is due partly to the urgency of Mr Scott's prose but even more to the light it throws on the character of young Ramsay, the cadet who becomes the warrior. It is he alone of all concerned, troops and cadets, who takes the exercise seriously. To the rest it is not quite real, a kind of play; to Ramsay it is the genuine thing under laboratory conditions; and, as the born leader, he is shown as a man possessed of a different order of imagination from that of his fellows.

Home from the Hill is a long and ambitious first novel from America. It opens under the shadow of the memorial to the Confederate dead in the square of one of those very small towns of the Deep South that seem to have existed in a state of trance ever since the last carpet-bagger left: we're not, one might think, a hundred miles from Yoknapatawpha County. We are in fact in Texas, and what Mr Humphrey gives us is a piece of Faulkner in which the obscurities have been clarified and the crooked made straight. Perhaps that is the trouble; for though there is much that is excellent in the novel – the hunting scenes are strikingly good – the tragic situation, which is that of an adoring son forced to suffer for the sins of a splendid father, seemed to me forced and arbitrary. Mr Humphrey tries hard and fails honourably, but his characters are too simple in conception to take the burden imposed upon them.

Say You Never Saw Me is a most entertaining novel about what are called in America 'travelling men', *anglice,* commercial travellers; but travelling men seem much more symbolic of their country than commercial travellers do of England, and this novel is a genuine piece of Americana. Treachery in pullman cars, the poisoned word in hotel bedrooms, the stab in the back at conventions; the good mixers, the great kidders, the regular guys, the lovely persons; the rat-race of salesmanship – it's all here, and out of it Mr Nesbitt generates some first-rate savage comedy.

WALTER ALLEN

St Peter's Fields

Peterloo. By DONALD READ. *Manchester University Press.* 30*s.*

Few days can have been subjected to such prolonged study as 16 August 1819. Cheap pamphlets about it appeared almost at once, it is discussed in every history of importance, and the latest separate study is this lengthy thesis at thirty shillings. At first sight, and to readers who remember the horrors of Belsen and Katyn, it is hard to understand why the dispersal of the Reform meeting in St Peter's Fields, Manchester, that day has excited such long-lived horror. The Manchester Yeomanry, followed by the Hussars, charged a peaceful assembly. Eleven were killed and five or six hundred injured by them; but the eleven include those who died later and some of the injured were not seriously hurt. What is that as a casualty list today?

There cannot be a final explanation why the public conscience selects certain events, such as Peterloo, the Dreyfus trial, or the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and finds them unforgettable; but I think one reason is that the victims are wholly innocent and unprepared, and that the oppressors should have known better but persisted in their wickedness. The reformers who came to St Peter's Fields were unarmed and unsuspecting; they were laughing, in their Sunday clothes; they brought their children and their wives, with their pretty ribbons; they had abandoned an earlier meeting because the terms of the resolution had been alleged to be legally questionable, and they had no doubt that they would be permitted to listen peacefully to their favourite speakers. The magistrates who allowed them to meet and then massacred them must have known the law, and that they did wrong; the government that supported them was hardened in its tyranny; the Yeomanry that slashed them with specially sharpened sabres did so with malice.

Mr Read has assembled a great deal of material about the background of all those concerned with Peterloo, and about contemporary Lancashire history, and his book will be of considerable value to students – not, unfortunately, to others. His un-

The Blockhouse
JEAN-PAUL CLEBERT

" The implications of this story (of men entombed in a blockhouse), if you need implications, are enormous. If not, it is still a novel of power and pitiless brilliance."
—PENELOPE MORTIMER in *Sunday Times.*
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Other People's Worlds
NAOMI MITCHISON

Published to commemorate Ghana's first anniversary, this is a provocative and stimulating record of the author's travels in Ghana and Nigeria.
" Would that there were more observers like her."
—*Manchester Guardian.*
Illustrated 16*s.*

Black Midas
JAN CAREW

Mr. Carew's first novel, with its West Indian setting, " has the sweep of narrative and power to create vivid scenes that reminded me, in spirit but not in subject matter, of Cronin's *The Citadel.*"
—DAVID HOLLOWAY in *News Chronicle.*
Book Soc. Rec. 16*s.*

The Ten Thousand Things
MARIA DERMOUT

"A rare novel, not only in its magic but also in its powerful reminder that truth—about Asia as well as about life itself—is never simple."
—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.*
16*s.*

Secker & Warburg

relievedly pedestrian writing makes the reading of his mass of details difficult, and the book is unbalanced – out of some 250 pages a bare seven are given to the subject of the book, the meeting itself. The account of it is inadequate, and such important questions as whether the Yeomanry were drunk or not are not discussed. The writing of history has three parts – the accumulation and verification of facts, the assembly of them into a coherent and balanced picture and the presentation of them in clear and vivid English. The last two are as important as the first, even if they come after them in time.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

Herr Doktor Smiles

Prosperity Through Competition. By LUDWIG ERHARD. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

Fat, smug and Christian, West Germany is the favourite son of the western alliance. Fat, smug, and Christian, Ludwig Erhard – Vice-Chancellor and Minister for Economic Affairs – is the favourite son of the West German electorate. Since 1948 he has presided benignly over what he himself modestly declines to call 'the German miracle'. Now, a modern Samuel Smiles, he tells the uplifting story: how the German people, by hard work and virtue, rose from defeat to opulence in nine dizzy years.

It does not make easy reading. Dr Erhard – or at least his translators – writes in a constipated bank-clerk style, so cumbersome as to be almost incomprehensible. Reading him is like swimming through treacle. But the attempt should be made. Lurking behind the platitudes and the insufferable personal vanity is an account of considerable intrinsic interest, made fascinating and indeed almost alarming by the bland self-confidence of the narrator and the rugged Victorianism of his economic and political assumptions.

For the echo of Samuel Smiles is not fortuitous. Dr Erhard has apparently scrapped everything that economists have learned since 1930. In place of the euthanasia of the rentier he puts the preservation of the saver, in place of planning the abolition of state controls. To him, the stability of the currency is the main object of economic policy, a nebulous and undefined 'freedom' the supreme political goal. His attitudes are those of a small town shopkeeper, a poor man's Senator Buddenbrook. The state is seen as the enemy of the individual, threatening his independence, curbing his initiative, sapping his self-confidence. As for the Welfare State, it is 'the modern delusion', for under it 'everyone has one hand in the pocket of another', and – most horrible of all – it is 'soulless'.

If this were all that Dr Erhard had to offer he could be ignored. But the *Sunday Times* did not publish extracts from his book solely because it reads like table talk at the Forsytes'. However much one rubs one's eyes at Erhard the theorist, one is forced to acknowledge the apparent success of Erhard the man of action. The German miracle *is* miraculous. Since 1950, German industrial production has more than doubled; Germany has become the third country in world trade; and the cost of living has risen far less than in Britain or France. Germany's economic performance does seem to have surpassed the rest of the western world. However archaic they sound, Erhard's views do seem to work.

Hence the glee of the *Sunday Times*. Erhard has challenged one of the basic assumptions of socialism – that a planned economy is more efficient as well as more equitable than *laissez-faire*. But the enthusiasm of conservative reviewers is premature, for Erhard's explanation of Germany's success is inadequate and naive. In his foreword he mentions coyly the refugees from the eastern zone, admitting that though they brought extra mouths to feed they also brought extra hands, desperate for work, putting more into the pool than they took out. In the text of the book, however, this surplus of labour which was such a vital ingredient of the West German boom is scarcely mentioned, and its role is unexplored. In the absence of a serious academic study, one is still entitled to assume that the responsibility for West German prosperity lies as much with Stalin's cruelty as Erhard's skill.

DAVID MARQUAND

A Dog's Life

Niki. By TIBOR DERY. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A fable from the dead land of hollow men: Budapest under Rakosi. Dery's tale of a dog is a sad and intense footnote to human misery. Niki, an amiable terrier bitch, is taken up by Mr and Mrs Ancsa, who have lost their only son at Voronezh. Gradually, the dog becomes part of their lives. Janos Ancsa is a mining engineer and an active Communist, but, Dery comments ironically, he had an 'utterly unjustifiable mental attitude': he is not satisfied to feel responsible for his own kind, and insists on extending the feeling to the animals, and even the plants which come under his care. He treats the dog with tact and consideration. He does not understand that there must be iron discipline, respect for order, even if it must be induced by rough speech and beat-

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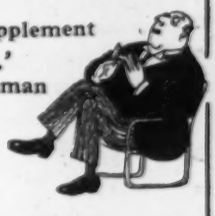

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JOHN MURRAY

ings. This is a fatal weakness in his character: before long, Ancsa is on the skids, demoted, suspected, finally arrested and jailed without trial for five years. Mrs Ancsa and Niki eke out the years of Ancsa's absence, shunned by all their friends and neighbours save two – one of whom is so simple-minded that he 'asked the secretary of his party cell if it was absolutely necessary, in the interests of Socialism, to let the innocent wife of a political detainee die of starvation'. Niki pines for her master, for lost kindness and half-forgotten freedom – how poignant that golden day when, for a few hours, she returns to the country! Ancsa is at last released; Niki dies.

Arthur Koestler has already said of this book that to appreciate its significance 'one would have to visualise Winston Smith writing *Animal Farm* under the conditions of *1984*'. This is a fine tribute, but it is misleading. *Niki* is a fable, moving, beautifully conceived, its texture firm and splendidly simple: *Animal Farm* was a brutal allegory. In 1956, moreover, Dery was not in the position of Winston Smith. He had retained the will to fight, or rediscovered it, and he and the other Hungarian writers had inspired the students and workers to follow them by their speeches, articles and short stories during the 'thaw'. The point about *Niki* is that it was not a despairing protest against the conditions of 1984 but a reflection of the creative flush that spread through eastern Europe two years ago. In their books and poems, Dery, Hay, Illes and their friends were proving Orwell wrong. Tyranny does not make all men proles.

More bitter, more trenchant writing than this novel came out of Hungary and Poland in 1956. Yet the force of *Niki*, for the English reader, may lie in its gentle understatement, its ability to convey the atmosphere of fear through the simple relationship of a man, a woman and a dog. This was the dog's life.

> In her total dependence on man, Niki was like those detainees who have no idea why they have been put in prison nor how long they will stay there; or like those heads of state undertakings who, when appointed, have no idea of how long they will remain in their new post; or the assistants in the nationalised Közert food shops who are completely ignorant of why, from one day to the next, they have been transferred to a branch at the other end of the city, an hour and a half by tram from their home; or like those writers who do not know why they are writing what they are writing; or, again, like their readers who don't know why they are reading it.

Dery was one of those who stood at the head of the Hungarian revolution. And this book reveals as clearly as any political article why he took that stand – why, too, this sick and ageing writer, a Communist for almost 40 years, is now serving nine years in a Communist prison for it. 'It is in this that animals differ from man; man can, in the long run, develop a conscience'. A very different message from the despair of *Animal Farm*.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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A New Orthodoxy?

British Economic Policy Since the War. By ANDREW SHONFIELD. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This Penguin Special is a significant and, on balance, beneficent book – though it is gravely unfair to the Labour Party in general, and to Hugh Gaitskell and Harold Wilson in particular. It is significant not because it says something new – it does not – but because it says what it says. Its central thesis is that British investment must be increased at whatever cost in order to transform the present stagnant economy into a vital dynamic system. This is a thesis which has been belaboured by Socialist economists and the leaders of the Opposition.

That Mr Shonfield, a late Foreign Editor of the *Financial Times* and now Economic Editor of the *Observer* and a frequent broadcaster, should have espoused this case with single-minded fervour is a symptom of the growing reaction against the insensate policy that the Civil Service, and especially the Treasury High Command and the Bank of England, have consistently (and, alas, to a large extent successfully) tried to foist on successive British governments irrespective of party and philosophy ever since 1919. Orthodoxy, it seems, is about – though not quite – to catch up with the NEW STATESMAN if not with statesmen or the *Economist*. This is something to be devoutly thankful for.

As a serious history of post-war British economic policy this volume does not stand examination. There is hardly any analysis of the problems which confronted the Labour Government immediately after the war. Such scrappy references as there are, are misleading. No one reading this book would get an inkling of the fact that almost a third of the total increase in national income was devoted in 1946-51 to investment. Yet immediately after the war consumption was at a very low level and there was comprehensible pressure for its increase. This proportion fell under the Tories to less than a quarter, though much more could have been spared from the increased total. No doubt much more should have been done and could have been done if the siren-song of the Civil Servant de-controllers had not been so insistent (and politically so tempting).

But, whatever might be the blemishes of his *obiter dicta* on Labour policy (and one suspects that these attacks serve as a generous antidote to counter-balance his generally anti-Establishment attitude) Mr Shonfield's tale of Tory confusion and debacle makes extremely interesting reading. Policy-making, especially economic and financial policy-making in Britain – unlike the US – is not conducted in public. A discreet veil is thrown on the realities and an impeccably conventional picture of democratic ministerial responsibility only is permitted to appear. Mr Shonfield does not hold with conventions. Fascinating and delightfully indiscreet glimpses of the inanity of the Government's dilettante financial and fiscal advisers emerge (the economic section of the Treasury was completely eclipsed). At last Members of Parliament of both parties will see the truth of Harold Wilson's dictum that whoever is in office, the Whigs seem in power, to the ruin of the country and the Commonwealth. There was no single Chancellor who escaped unscathed and the end of the list of victims of dilettantism is not yet. The deft sketch of the artificial creation of the 1952 and 1955 crises by the indiscretions of Sir Leslie Rowan could not be bettered. Mr Shonfield must in general be congratulated on having written such a singularly courageous and significant book.

All the same his proposals to remedy this dismal state are less complete. It will not nearly suffice to restore exchange control and ask the Trade Unions to agree to a wage policy which permits the increase in investment. What investment? Though he showed up the incapacity of the 'market' to channel capital to where it does most good, he is silent on the means of preventing scarce resources from being wasted. And are the Trade Unions to consent to forgoing wage-claims without assurance of social justice? Why should they tolerate the vast – and as yet untaxed – capital gains which would accrue to shareholders? A far more balanced programme would be needed if the desired result is to be achieved.

Nor are his suggestions about the complete abandonment of the Sterling Area system either practicable or desirable. No doubt the present inanity of tolerating an uncontrolled escape of capital must be stopped. But it would be disastrous and unjust to ask our creditors to consent to a virtual blocking of their sterling balances in London. What is needed is strengthening the Sterling Area balance of payments as a whole – a reversal of the present drift which resulted in the end of the preferential treatment of each other's products by Sterling Area members when new powerful preferential areas are being built in Europe and elsewhere. We can and should repay sterling balances which are not nest-eggs but were the result of a lack of plans for the economic development of the poorer areas of the Commonwealth. But we must not try to increase our gold reserves in a slump by restrictive measures. Mr Shonfield accuses a great many people in Britain of being unable to see the beam in their eye. But is he not guilty of the same error when he proposes to add a sterling shortage to the dollar and Deutschmark shortages? The reaction to Montagu Norman and Cobbold must not push us into emptying the baby with the bath-water.

T. BALOGH

The first complete version of *The Autobiography of Charles Darwin*, edited by his granddaughter, Nora Barlow, which was mentioned by Professor J. Z. Young in his article on Darwinism in our Spring Books Number on March 15, has now been published by Collins (16s.).

Mountain Round-up

Outstanding in the number and interest of its illustrations is Ronald Clark's and Edward Pyatt's *Mountaineering in Britain* (Phoenix House, 45s.): its 104 photographs include some splendid early groups, and a great number and variety of action pictures. As well as chronicling climbs of historical and technical interest, the authors aim to give some idea of the way in which the clubs have helped to raise the general standard. The survey which Sir Arnold Lunn wrote for the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, as their centenary offering to the Alpine Club, has a more personal note: *A Century of Mountaineering* (Allen and Unwin, 30s.) is in essence a collection of essays, entertaining and provocative in the good old Lunn way, from the discovery of mountain beauty to an assessment of what the Alpine Club has done and stood for. Allen and Unwin also publish a new guide, *Climbs in the Range of Mont Blanc* (15s.), selected and translated by members of the Alpine Climbing Group from the Vallot guide and other continental sources.

The four women who composed the Abinger Himalayan Expedition of 1956 have collaborated in the record of their travels in Kulu and Spiti: *Mountains and Memsahibs* (Constable, 21s.; foreword by Mrs Pandit). The chapters vary a good deal in interest and style, but three impressions come through strongly: the drive of the leader, Mrs Dunsheath, to get going at all; their easy relations with the Sherpas; and the outstanding climbing of Eileen Gregory who, alone with untrained Ladakh porters, made the second ascent of Deo Tibba. J. A. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,467 **Set by B. Mount**

It is some years since we set a clerihew: and we now invite contributors to compose one on any famous beauty in history or fiction. Entries by 22 April.

Result of No. 1,464 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation with a clock (12 lines of verse or 100 words of prose).

Report

It appears that we all, or nearly all, address our clocks in rhyme, for prose conversations were few. There was a high standard of entry, but judging was an uneasy task, so frequent were the undertones of doom and the inexorable march of Time. Indeed, it was a relief to meet with a floral clock (Adam Smith) and a dandelion clock (A). I suggest that the prize money be equally divided among the authors of the entries printed. Only a clock-beat divides them from Colin Prestige, P. W. R. Foot, H. A. C. Evans, R. Spurr, W. G. Daish and Pug (for a talk with TIM).

CONVERSATION WITH A CLOCK

'Let's be strictly horological, mate,' said the Time-Clock. 'It's plain as the button on your dial that the world's off balance. Everything's run down; thousands strike every day; the swing of the pendulum's throwing up terrible new movements. Ah, it's not like grandfather's time; it's jewels, jewels all the way these days. Far be it from me to encourage alarm, but it all springs——'

'Watch,' cried a shrill voice, 'no hands!'

The Clock shuddered and gave a nervous tick.

'Young turnip! Oh well, I've got to wind up this discussion; it's my dinner hour. I'm as hungry as a hunter——' he murmured—and stopped.

RUSSELL EDWARDS

'You're behind the times,' said the Consulting Householder,
'You must be brought up to date, made to look a bit older,
Act rather more forward, get on more than you do—
I prescribe Willett's Diet for a month or two.'

'Tuck-tuck!' ticked the Clock (struck). 'What a terrible thing!'
And showed her alarm. 'Doctor, is it—*the Spring*?'

Said the Consultant, 'Yup!
First I'll open you up. . .
Now, let's uncover that figure.' (The cheat meant Revolutionary treatment.)

Moaned the Clock, 'None of us understands!
Haven't we enough time on our hands?'

J. A. LINDON

CLOCK: I've wondered—standing here—perhaps your face
Might look a little better in a case,
Or round behind your hands, like mine?
Or could you stand it in some other place?

ME: This face is not my own design—
The maker simply stamps them with our name.
There's millions on his mass-production line,
Though none, they say, is quite the same.

CLOCK: That's something! Well, they're much alike to me.
I'm used to yours, and now it's past its prime,
With little pouches under nine and three,
I must concede, it bears some marks of Time. . . .

HAZEL ARCHARD

An irradiated lady once gave birth to a clock
Put it in a pram and gave a little rock;

Listened to its hiccups, hearkened to its chimes,
Said to her neighbours, 'it's a sign of the times.'

Said to her darling 'grow up little marvel,
If you're clever they'll employ you at Harwell';

Said to her dear, 'your busy little hand
May yet be our precursor to a better land.

Be our pretty cockerel! Our small alarmer,
Crow upon the A-pile of a mushroom farmer.

Hush-a-tick baby, rock-a-by-tock,
If you grow old you'll be a grandfather clock.'

GERDA MAYER

CONVERSATION WITH AN ELECTRIC BED-SIDE CLOCK

What's happened? Why didn't you wake me?
As yet there's no cause for alarm.
They said you'd put lights on and make tea.
Just give me a minute, keep calm!
That buzz you make isn't conducive
To sleep—it annoyed me till four.
May I mention, without being abusive,
I've suffered since then from your snore?
Ah, ready at last! Well this oughter
Be a good cup of char, piping hot.
How disgusting—it's nothing but water!
You forgot to put tea in the pot. P. M.

'Killer, inscrutable of face,
Moving with such deliberate pace,
Now your thin hands, with ruthless power,
Have met to strangle one more hour!'

'Dare you accuse me, guilty human?
Who is the real assassin? You, man!
Time-killing? Why, I'm just not in it!
You're doing it this very minute.'

'We stand, then, each within the dock?'
'Not I, but you; I am a clock;
What is my nature is your crime.
But each of us is killing time.'

G. J. BLUNDELL

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The main reason for last week's hardening of stock prices in Montreal, the City noted, was Mr Diefenbaker's landslide victory in the Canadian general election. It may yet affect the City more directly. Mr Diefenbaker, vague as he may be on 'bread-and-butter' matters of policy, appears to believe in the Commonwealth almost as ardently as Lord Beaverbrook, and the dislike felt by the Canadian electorate for their present economic dependence on the US played an important part in his revivalist election campaign. Given the least encouragement, Mr Diefenbaker's massive majority may work a change in Canadian attitudes which will surprise Whitehall. This embarrassing godsend only emphasises the skill of British policy-makers in falling between two stools. Whitehall – and the government – was ready enough to play down the advantages of a greedy Commonwealth while trade was booming. They reacted belatedly and violently when they realised that the European Common Market had become a fact. Now, when the long Free Trade Area negotiations are at last approaching their final point of crisis and ministers are publicly admitting the possibility that Britain may be thrown back on the Commonwealth, its most faithful members are beginning to lose interest. Australia has already reduced British preferences and New Zealand, grieving about butter, is now anxious to do the same. The policy-makers, fearful that there will be nobody left for Britain to lead, are beginning to dream like any underdeveloped country about American largesse. But the US will not be rushed into expensive schemes whose main purpose is to bolster British prestige. And the Commonwealth? The Free Trade Area talks will not end one way or another for another two or three months. Someone is going to have to move unnaturally fast.

* * *

Procrastination is the favourite weakness of British policy-makers. It would be nice to know how much serious thought (as opposed to anxious side-glances) the Treasury and the Bank, the government and the opposition, have given to the question of protecting the Sterling Area's gold and dollar reserves from the next general election campaign. Convertibility, recent experience has shown, has now gone so far that dislike or distrust of government policies is enough to cause an intolerable run on sterling. If a general election is announced in which a Labour victory seems likely, if people, at home and abroad, feel sufficiently nervous about the future to wish to move their capital out of London while the going is still good – and such movements quickly snowball – the scanty gold reserve could shrink disastrously in the course of a couple of months.

What, one wonders, is Mr Wilson doing to preserve his future freedom of action? Is he ready to promise that sterling will remain as convertible as it is at present and that a Labour government will do anything necessary to avoid another devaluation? Has he worked out detailed plans for operating controls which no longer exist and which it will not be easy to reinstate? Or does he propose fatalistically to accept the prospect of a crippling loss of gold, ready to denounce it retrospectively to a bored electorate as a wicked Tory plot? Perhaps he hopes that Mr Macmillan will be forced to float the pound before his turn for action comes.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 439. What's in a Name

Who called one of the most popular modern opening systems the King's Indian? What has it got to do with India anyway? And wasn't it Tartakower who coined the name in a 1924 pamphlet and for no particular reason? He didn't coin it, he merely repeated it, and for several good reasons going back to (at least) 1862. In the London tournament of that year the system was persistently adopted by V. Green; he played it with singular lack of success and explained to Loewenthal that he had seen much of it in India. Moreover, both the 'King's Indian' and the 'Pirc Defence' were favoured by Winawer in the Eighties and Nineties, and even more so in Cochrane's match against Moheshunder Bonnerjee; and indeed it was that Brahmin master's predilection for the system that caused Steinitz to call it 'the Indian defence'. I found these and other interesting information in *Schachtaschen-Jahrbuch* 1958 (*Siegfried Engelhardt* Verlag, Berlin-Frohnau, *D.M.* 5.80), a calendar useful for a good deal more than its many hundreds of addresses of prominent players and problemists all over the world, a list of the 51 grandmasters, 152 International Masters, and 33 International Women-Masters, and a survey of last year's events in 39 countries. But, to revert to the Pirc Defence, so aptly immortalising that amiable grandmaster's merits in analysing that 'hypermodern' system, here's a game played years before his birth. (Weiss-Paulsen, Nuremberg 1883).

A: V. Pirc 1949

B: F. Lazard 1930

(1) P-K4, P-Q3; (2) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (4) P-B4, B-Kt2; (5) Kt-KB3, O-O; (6) B-Q3, QKt-Q2; (7) P-K5, Kt-K1; (8) O-O, P-QB4; (9) PxQP, KtxP; (10) PxP, KtxP; (11) B-K3, KtxB; (12) QxKt, B-K3; (13) KR-Q1, Kt-B5; (14) Q-K4, Q-B1; (15) B-Q4, KtxP; (16) KR-Kt1, BxB ch; (16) QxB, R-Q1; (18) Q-Kt4, Kt-B5; (19) QxKtP, Q-B4 ch; (20) K-R1, Kt-R6; (21) Kt-K4, Q-K6; (22) R-Kt1, QxP etc.

And here, played a few years later, but still well ahead of Pirc's birthday—Reichhelm-Lasker, Philadelphia 1892—is a game whose modern looks may well belie its venerable age of 66 years.

(1) P-K4, P-Q3; (2) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (4) Kt-B3, B-Kt2; (5) B-K2, O-O; (6) O-O, QKt-Q2; (7) B-KB4, P-QB4; (8) P-Q5, P-KR3; (9) Q-Q2, P-KKt4; (10) B-Kt3, Kt-R4; (11) Kt-Q1, KtxB; (12) RPxKt, Kt-B3; (13) B-Q3, P-B5; (14) BxP, KtxKP; (15) Q-K2, P-B4; (16) P-B3, B-Q2; (17) Kt-Q2 KtxKt; (18) QxKt, P-B5!; (19) PxP, RxP; (20) Kt-K3, Q-K1; (21) Q-K2, R-R5; (22) P-KKt3, R-R6; (23) K-Kt2, P-Kt5; (24) R-R1, Q-R4; (25) RxR, QxR ch; (26) K-Kt1, R-KB1; (27) Kt-Kt2, B-K4; (28) Kt-R4, RxP!; (29) QxR, BxKtP; (30) Q-QB2, QxKt; (31) R-KB1, Q-Kt4; (32) K-Kt2,B-K4; (33) Q-KB2, B-KB3; (34) Q-B4, QxQ; (35) RxQ, K-Kt2; (36) B-Q3, P-KR4; (37) B-B5, B-K4; (38) R-B2, BxB; (39) RxB, K-Kt3; (40) R-B2, P-R5; (41) R-K2, P-R6 ch; (42) K-Kt1, K-B4; (43) resigns.

C: F. Sackmann 1912

By way of homage to a great master's undeniable achievements for 'his' opening, the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which he (White) forced an elegant win. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** is an amusing draw and **C** an ingenious win. Usual prizes. Entries by 21 April

REPORT on No. 436. Set 22 March

A: (1) Kt-K8!! etc.

B: (1) P-B6 ch, KxKt; (2) K-Kt1!!, K-R1; (3) K-R1 etc. But (2) K-Kt3 loses on account of . . . K-R1; (3) KxP, B-R2, followed by . . . B-Q5-B6-xP-B6.

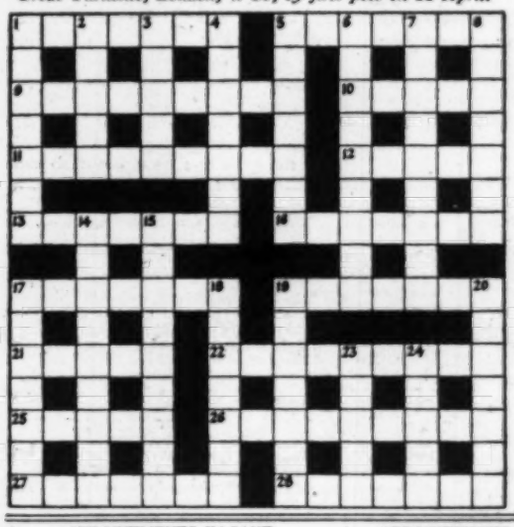
C: (1) P-Q4 ch! (P-Kt6?), K-K3 (forced); (2) P-Q5 ch, K-K4!; (3) P-Kt6!, KtxP ch; (4) K-R4! (K-Kt4?), Kt-Q3; (5) BxKt ch, KxB; (6) K-Kt5!, Kt-K2; (7) P-Kt7, K-B2; (8) P-Q6 ch etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. W. Carmichael, J. P. Ford, R. Hayward, J. Mitchell, J. J. Walsh. 34th ladder-decade: 1st C. Allen (766) who was among the 30th Decade-winners in May '57, same as G. Abrahams (654) who is 4th this time. M. B. Yeats (680) is 2nd, and 3rd is G. Roblin (658) who started from scratch Oct.' 51 after the 3rd Decade.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 298

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 298, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 22 April.



ACROSS

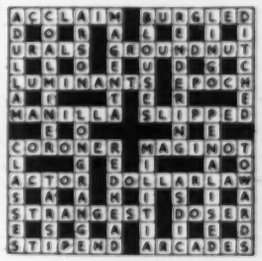
1. The leg broken in the league mended badly (7).
5. Shady places in which a civil service department takes its ease (7).
9. Away from home the mechanic becomes a tradesman (9).
10. Country ware (5).
11. When the lines to me are crossed this tells the distance (9).
12. Kind of score which is a feature of no Tchaikovsky symphony (5).
13. Strike harbour for a relation (7).
16. Hurried about the invalids and had an accident (7).
17. They like getting tips but give too much back with expressions of hesitation (7).
19. Show off like a girl put in a strange cot (7).
21. Specialist with a page missing is put into operation (5).
22. Always in a girl's embrace one after the other (9).
25. Rotomagus' modern descendant (5).
26. Stories which have point in a rewritten scene (9).
27. It would be common sense if this crime were beheaded (7).
28. If the oppressive were loveless, the tyrant would be before us (7).

DOWN

1. Mistake for a footballer (7).
2. Place of birth (5).
3. Liberal manners in bestial places (5).
4. Place in America which turns Tito red (7).
5. Instrument for the police and one of its members (7).
6. Give one credit perhaps for being profound (9).
7. Spark, or alternatively call it sin (9).
8. Scorched like an animal in a hut (7).
14. Bully the clever after school (9).
15. Harmonics for public individuals (9).
17. An entertainer who gives rubbish under the jetty (7).
18. Put up with the disgrace in which we find ourselves (7).
19. The town may be represented as a circle over it (7).
20. Clough's commemoration (7).
23. A composer is born on this hill-top (5).
24. Game in which the intemperate lose their heads (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 296



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 296

J. S. Learmouth (Glasgow), J. A. R. Pimlott (London, SW19), Mrs M. Beveridge (Edinburgh)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA – CANBERRA
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Applications are invited for appointment to the posts of:

LECTURER IN CLASSICS (2)
LECTURER IN ENGLISH
LECTURER IN GERMAN
LECTURER IN POLITICAL SCIENCE
LECTURER IN PSYCHOLOGY

Salary range: £A1,450 – £A2,050 per annum. Annual increments are £A70. Commencing point within this range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant.

Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary forms which must accompany applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must be lodged.

Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1958.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Senior Children's Visitor (male or female). Applicants should hold a degree, social science diploma, or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had extensive casework experience. The candidate appointed will be responsible for supervising casework in an area of the city.

Salary – Grade APT II – £725 to £845.

Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93.

Closing date for applications—30 April 1958.

SOUTH SHIELDS EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Grammar-Technical School for Girls

Required in September, 1958, Head of the History Department – to be responsible for organising the work and to share in the teaching throughout the School to University Entrance standard. Responsibility allowance – £275 – available for a suitably qualified and experienced candidate.

Forms of application, obtainable from the Director of Education, Education Office, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned not later than 30 April 1958.

A. J. W. JEFFERY,
Director of Education.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TEACHERS

(m. & f.) wanted by German Berlitz School (Salary £40-55 monthly). Apply with photo and outline of previous career to

BERLITZ SCHOOL,
Bremen, am Wall 151, Germany.

THE Nigerian Railway Corporation invites applications for the following post:—Research Officer. Duties: The Research Officer will be required to supervise and develop the Railway Research Section, which covers metallurgy, photomicrography, soil mechanics, combustion, fuel oil and water testing, chemical analysis and technical and practical investigation into such problems as flange and railware, faulty design, elimination of bad riding in rolling stock, etc. Qualifications: Candidates must be chartered civil or mechanical engineers with a science or engineering degree and have at least five years' experience in a supervisory capacity in a large undertaking covering the subjects stated in the above paragraph or they must possess an engineering degree with at least ten years' experience. In each case, candidates must have at least two years' experience in a railway research organisation. Salary: £2,550 per annum. Appointments may be on pensionable terms or on contract with a gratuity payable on completion of contract at the rate of £42 10s. for each completed month of service. Tours: 15 months in Nigeria followed by 15 weeks' leave on full pay. Quarters: Partly furnished quarters are provided at low rental. Allowances: £60 Outfit Allowance on first appointment and Children's Allowance of £75 a child up to two children under 18 years. Send postcard before 30 April 1958, mentioning the post and this paper for further particulars and application form to: The London Representative, Nigerian Railway Corporation, Nigeria House, 9 Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2.

FEDERAL Broadcasting Corporation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies – News Service. Applications are invited from experienced journalists for the post of Head of the News Service of the newly formed Federal Broadcasting Corporation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in Salisbury. Broadcasting news experience desirable; proved organising ability essential; experience of radio interviewing, etc., a strong recommendation. Initial salary will be according to qualifications, but in any event not less than £1,800 per annum. Applications are also invited for other posts in the News Division in scales between £1,000 and £1,800 per annum. Applications, with full details of qualifications and experience, should reach the Controller of Administration, P.O. Box 8218, Causeway, Southern Rhodesia, by 25 April. Selected candidates will be interviewed in London by the Director-General during the first half of July.

PSYCHOLOGIST for Motivation Research Unit. The work will involve planning and carrying through motivation studies. Preference will be given to applicants with previous research experience. Sociologists with relevant qualifications will also be considered. Please write, giving details of qualifications and experience, to The Managing Director, British Market Research Bureau, Ltd, 47 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1.

MADRAS Women's Christian College. Women Graduates, first- or second-class Hons, needed July. History, Maths, Physics. Apply Mrs Tufts, 16 Church Crescent, N10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STATISTICIANS, Home Civil Service. Post-graduate academic qualifications in statistics or good honours degree including statistics by summer 1958. Selection by interview. Age at least 20½, under 24 (in some cases 28) on 1.8.58 (extension for service in H.M. Forces or Overseas Civil Service). Salary £635-£1,110 and after promotion scale rises to £2,050. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting No. 96/58/8. Closing date 22 May, 1958.

BBC requires Talks Producer in Manchester. Duties include arrangement and production of broadcast talks and discussions on wide range of subjects both on Sound and Television networks. Qualifications: informed interest in current, social, political and cultural trends. Knowledge of industry also an advantage. Good standard of education essential preferably to University degree standard. Preference to candidates with personal knowledge of North of England and its special characteristics. Salary: £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.593 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Services Education Committee, King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Staff Tutor for education in HM Forces. The appointment will date from 1 September 1958, and will be tenable for three years. Candidates should have a good honours degree in history, with an interest in allied subjects. The person appointed will be required to teach current international affairs to officers and senior NCOs and to interview, advise and give tuition to Servicemen with higher educational qualifications. It is desirable that he should have served in the Armed Forces and have had teaching experience. The commencing salary will be at an appropriate point on the scale £900 × £50—£1,350 (Bar) × £75—£1,650 according to qualifications and experience. Child Allowance and FSSU benefits payable. Further particulars of the post and forms of application obtainable from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, to whom applications should be submitted not later than 17 May 1958. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Political Science for the teaching of Accountancy and Business Administration in the Final B.A.(Hons.) course in Economics. Applicants should have a professional qualification in the above fields, besides a degree in Economics from a British University. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 × £50 – £2,175 (man) or £1,200 × £40 – £1,680 (woman) together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Closing date for receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is 3 May, 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in French. The applicant should be a graduate of a French University, or hold an Honours Degree with French as a major subject. He should have taught at University level and, if not a native speaker of French, he must give evidence of ability to speak the language fluently and correctly and to deliver lectures in French. Salary: £A1,850/£A2,150 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 May 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. Applicants should have an Honours Degree, and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching Classics, whether in a school or at a university, would be a recommendation. Salary £A1,300/£A1,750 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 April, 1958.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Swalcliffe, Nr Banbury, Oxon. A vacancy for a young, single man will become available shortly on the staff of this School. This is a boarding school for the treatment and education of emotionally disturbed boys of average intelligence, aged 11/16 years. Duties will include teaching a group of 11-12 boys. The post is residential. Full particulars from Principal.

LONDON County Council, St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Rd. September 1958. Two whole-time teachers to take charge of (1) Beginners' Course; (2) Illustration Course. Each post now graded 'Lecturer' but may be upgraded to senior lecturer on appointment or later according to experience. Salary scale, Lecturer £1,200 × £30—£1,350 (man); £1,097 2s. —£1,350 (woman); Senior Lecturer £1,350 × £50—£1,550 (man); £1,234 5s.—£1,550 (woman). Particulars and forms from Secretary to be returned by 18 March 1958. (562.)

KINGSMUIR School, Stonelands, West Hoathly, Sussex, requires a Teacher on 5 May for a small group of maladjusted nine-year-olds, for lessons and out-of-school activities. Apply Principal.

SHENLEY Hospital, Nr St Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist (Clinical Grade) under the direction of the Senior Psychologist. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to the Group Secretary by 25 April.

SOCIAL Service Organisation requires Cook/Housekeeper in June. Residents young social workers. Five-and-a-half day week, evenings free. Four weeks annual leave. Salary according to age and experience. Apply Family Service Unit, 36 Colville Terrace, Kensington, W11.

EDUCATED Women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or P.A.s to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing are essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls between the ages of 14 and 17 (within the Home Office Approved School System), Drewstead Road, SW16. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Housemother. Salary according to Home Office scale and qualifications. It is essential that applicants should be interested in the problems of the delinquent adolescent. Similar residential experience desirable. Cookery, Music and Games an added recommendation. Preference will be given to communicant members of the Church of England. Apply, stating age, and with fullest particulars to the Headmistress, as soon as possible.

MARRIED couple reqd at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties incl. observation and assessment. Salaries: Housefather £505 to £577 10s.; Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s. each plus £18 10s. p.a. for Home Office Cert., less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/383), L.C.C. County Hall, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Matron. Required for a large grouped cottage home at Sidcup, Kent, for 340 children between 5 and 15 years, who have been deprived of a normal home life. Previous experience in institutional management and child care essential. Diploma in Institutional Management an advantage. This position offers a worthwhile and satisfying career, with prospects of advancement. Salary: £535-£607 10s., less £128 8s. p.a. for board, etc. Further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/602), County Hall, SE1.

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Child Care Officer (Male) re-advertisement – previous applicants will be reconsidered without further application. Applications are invited from persons holding Child Care Certificate or similar qualifications, and experienced in work associated with child care, for the post of Child Care Officer. Duties include supervision of boys placed with foster parents, obtaining foster homes and good lodgings, Approved School after-care and other supervision as may be required. A thorough understanding of case-work principles is required. Applicants should have a knowledge of duties involved and understanding of the needs of children deprived of a normal home life. Salary Scale – Apt. I (£575 to £725 per annum). Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from The Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, 2, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible on completion.

WANTED for September at Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport, Dorset (recognised co-educational boarding school with own small farm), a Science Master and a Matron or Assistant Matron. Resident posts. Apply, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Principals.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Mistress (pref. Froebel) for Junior school, wanted in May or Sept.

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Worker for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent, but students in training may apply. Details and application forms from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, nr Hereford. Vacancy for Head Teacher in above School which is a special Residential School for 32 maladjusted Children under the Wardenship of W. David Wills. Salary, Burnham Scale (Head Teacher) plus emoluments in return for extra duties. Flat available for married teacher. Apply in the first instance to Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Dets & application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (2T), Home Office, Princeton House, 271/277 High Holborn, WC1.

CENTRAL Council for the Care of Cripples invites applications for the post of Development Officer to promote the extension and co-ordination of voluntary services for the disabled throughout the country. Administrative and social work experience essential and knowledge of legislation and local authority services for the disabled desirable. Commencing salary £700 per annum with travelling and subsistence allowances. Applications to Secretary, 34 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

REPEAT Advertisement. Club leaders, man and woman, required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Married couple considered if both qualified. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St, London, NW8.

SECRETARY required by Social Research Group at University College, London. Good speed shorthand/typing essential. Good holidays and interesting work. Salary £9 to £11 p.w. according to qualifications. Reply stating age and experience. Box 9502.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Sussex County Council Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Child Care Visitor. Home Office Child Care Certificate preferred. Salary A.P.T. I or II according to experience. The person appointed will undertake all types of work in one area of the County. Application forms and particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, to whom they should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS are invited for an interesting but unusual nursing role. There is a vacancy for a nurse at the Social Rehabilitation Unit, Belmont Hospital, which has 100 beds for the treatment of personality disorders. The duties include the domestic management of the Unit and in addition taking charge of a patients' group (20) concerned with cleaning and improvement of the Unit. This post offers opportunities for group work with patients in a background of psychological treatment. Salary according to qualifications. For further information apply to the Director of the Social Rehabilitation Unit, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

OLD People's Welfare Organiser required by provisional Committee for Liverpool Old People's Welfare Council to develop the work. Experience of services for elderly essential. Degree or certificate in Social Science desirable. Opportunity for initiative in the many facets of the work. Salary in region of £650. Application forms and further particulars from The Secretary, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1. Closing date for applns 7 May.

RHEUMATISM Research Unit (Medical Research Council), Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks., require Social Service Worker with Secretarial experience for research project. Salary Scale £410 to £560 p.a. Applications stating age, with names of two referees to Hospital Secretary.

ADVENTURE Playground SW Lond. req. Leader, part-time at present. Box 9492.

SAFETY Officer required by old-established Engineering Company with headquarters in West London. Preference will be given to a man of good education who has an engineering background and some knowledge of the Building Industry. A commencing salary of £900 p.a. is offered and the post is permanent and pensionable. Apply Box 9499.

EAST London. Voluntary Organisation for Children needs Case Worker (woman). Sal. accdg qualifications & exp. Box 9401.

CHURCH of England Newspaper requires young woman graduate as editorial assistant. Excellent opportunity to learn journalism. Shorthand and typing essential. Apply Editor, 1-5 Portpool Lane, EC1.

EXPERIENCED Assistant for Collet's Record Shop, New Oxford St. With initiative and able to type. Very interesting prospects for right person. Salary £9-10 acc. age and qualifications. Present holiday arrangements guaranteed. Free superannuation and 3 weeks holiday after one year's service. Write only to Collet's, 45 Museum Street, WC1.

MARKET Research. Women of good education and personality, aged 27-35, required for interviewing and office duties. Essential requirements are the ability to talk with persons of all classes, a high sense of responsibility, an aptitude for clerical work and a willingness to travel throughout the country. Excellent salary and expenses. Write, giving full details of age, education and previous employment, to Box 9424.

WASHINGTON. British official needs help with children. Return fare and pocket money; 15 months' engagement. Living expenses, all found. Pleasant country house. Box 9536.

SECRETARY required to assist Editor of Staff Association Journal. Similar experience an asset, but not essential. Good shorthand-typing speeds necessary. Hours 9.30-5.15; no Saturdays. Generous provision for annual and sick leave. Starting salary according to experience on scale £580-£725 p.a. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply in writing, stating age and qualifications, to the General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, SW1.

SECRETARY required for General Manager of subsidiary company. Responsible and interesting job. Good salary comparable with London Rates. Pleasant working conditions, canteen and pension scheme. Write to the Staff Manager, Marley Tile Co. Ltd, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent.

SECRETARY required by Publications Manager of well-known organisation. Good shorthand typing, interest in publishing and print, initiative, are important qualifications. Excellent salary and prospects. Box 9444.

SECRETARY, 21/45, for Architect. W1. Salary to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist reqd. for Educational Organisation nr. Tott. Crt Rd Stn. Good wages & hrs. Dets from Box 9378.

FEMALE required for straightforward clerical work. Age immaterial but some knowledge of crafts an advantage. Hours and remuneration by arrangement. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

CAPABLE woman to take charge motherless home, two adult males, one 12-year-old boy, London. Box 9544.

SOMEONE to do housework & increase artistic output. In country. Instrumentalist useful, child essen. Perm. PROspect 5068.

APPLY for piece of work which will entitle you to future regular income if you are educational travelling representative or retired teacher. Box 9498.

APPOINTMENTS Advisory Service. Consult Personnel Manager about interviews, salaries, prospects. Box 9501.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone REG. 7571.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NS Subaltern, ex. W. Africa, seeks interesting work. Early June – until University term begins. Go anywhere. Box 9461.

ADAPTABLE, intelligent thinking male, 22, desires creative, stimulating employment; prospects hard work. Wide interests, travel, music, politics, people, organisation. Urgent, rutted, all suggestions considered. Box 9462.

SOCIAL worker exp. catering; gardening; country-lover; seeks job where cottage provided. 2 school children. Box 9324.

PERSONAL Assistant? or Executive – Economist (33) who prefers administration, offers services. Oxford graduate, 7 yrs business experience. Single, travelled, ex-Major. Knowledge French, German, some Italian and Spanish. Box 9340.

CHEM., Ph.D., f., wants post in Indust. or Med. Libr. or teaching. Box 9400.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

1 or 2 furnished rooms in Maida Vale flat. Use kitchen & bath, cleaning, lighting, heating, telephone. Box 9437.

LARGE charming rm. Pleas. garden. Congenial household. £3 3s. includes kit., exps, etcs. & daily dom. service. Nr. Swiss Cottage Stn. Smaller rm. later. Box 9342.

DELIGHTFUL flat, 1, 2 people. 23 April-14 May. 56 Marlborough Mans, NW6.

LADY to share modern flat. Own bed-sitting room. Telephone PUTney 0198.

B/S., Putney, small, light, ckg. facs., in flat, artist's fam. Reas. rent to yng. female willing sit-in occas. VAN 1318.

2 wntd, share comf. fur. flat nr Richmond Hill with African. RIC. 2167 evg.

FURN. flat overlkg Regent's Park, 2 rms, kit., bathrm, c.h., c.h.w. Suit one or two. Box 9450.

ACCOM. with partial board available. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

NW3. Most attractive Bed. sit. Mod. block flats. Every amenity for prof. or business woman. £3 18s. 6d. HAM. 1391.

NEWLY dec. div. room & kit. (shared). Prof./bus. woman. 40s. p.w. MOU. 5438.

FLOOR to let, pretty furniture, 4 rms, dble/sgle, kit., bthroom, c.h.w., light, linen, 12 gns p.w. Also 3 rms. Regency furn., same amenities & price. WES. 8399.

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'WANTED: One Hundred Thousand Teachers' (Nat. Assoc. of Labour Teachers, 8d. post free). The measure of the government's failure to provide for staffing of the schools. L. Watt, 30 Hartham Rd, N7.

CONTENTS of April 'Plebs': 'Europe's First Common Market', by Dr Roy Price; 'Land Nationalisation', by Victor Collins, MP; 'Automation – Some Economic Consequences', by P. W. Reed; 'Heavy Weather in the Aircraft Industry', by G. F. Thomason; 'Sharing Rivers', by Frank Horrabin; 'Should Old Age Mean Idleness?', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Skill and the Apprentice', by Dr. W. Mc-Laine; 'Methodism & The Trade Unions', by G. Horsman; Pars from the Press; New Books; 'Do You Know?'; 'The Cockpit'; N.C.L.C. News; 'Plebs' is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ARE You reading 'Frontier', the new Christian Quarterly for thoughtful people seeking first-hand information on events and trends throughout the world and the Church's part in them? 10s. per annum (post free). Free copy on request. 'Frontier', Dept N.S., 59, Bryanston Street, London, W1.

ANTI-Fascism! Read Massimo Salvadori's moving autobiography explaining the realities of resistance to a dictator. The Labour and the Wounds. 18s. Out 14 April. From all booksellers. Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

'HIS Friend at Court', Kishon's brilliant comedy in Lothian Small's translation, playing at Unity Theatre as 'The Ganze Macher' (and other plays adapted by the same translator), now avail. from Internatl Copyright Bureau, 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

'CAMBRIDGE Opinion' 8 with H-Bomb Supplement 1s. 9d. from Corpus Christi.

ECONOMIC Showdown (R. Palme Dutt); The Miners: A Re-appraisal (J. R. A. Machen, Yorkshire President); North Africa Shakes France (D. Buckle); Indonesia: The War Plot (J. Woddis), etc., in 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. ½-yrly, post-free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

FRANCE'S Bravest Weekly: France-Observateur. Year: £2 12s, ½-yr. £1 8s. Cheques 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

CROSSMAN cries for it: Business Background of MPs, ed by Andrew Roth; 900 past and present directorships held by MPs listed and classified; 10s to Parliamentary Profile Services, Ltd, 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

NEILL, A. S., on Wilhelm Reich's death; Paul Goodman; M. Legg on Henry Miller; O.F., 2s. 9d. 7 Magdala Rd, Nottm.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WHITSUN AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

'CHILDREN and the Law.' Fabian Week-end School, 2-4 May, Godalming. Mary Stewart, D. V. Donnison, James MacColl, Hilary Halpin, C. H. Rolph. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

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Sat. (Evg.)	Cav. and Pag.

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TH. Royal, E15. Last wk. 8. S. 5, 8. The Glass Menagerie, by Tennessee Williams.

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ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk. c. Apr. 13. Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Modern Times. U. Rory Calhoun, Flight to Hong-Kong. A.

GALA Performance of the Technicolor Film 'South Pacific' at the Dominion Theatre, London, on Wednesday, 23 April at 7.45 p.m. Proceeds in aid of the J.N.F. Charitable Trust. Tickets 5 gns., 3 gns., 2 gns., 1 gn., 10s. 6d., from the Organising Secretary, 65 Southampton Row, WC1.

CARIBBEAN Federation: Celebrate with West Indians at St. Pancras Town Hall. 7 p.m., 22 Apr. Rt Hon James Griffiths, Dr David Pitt, Geo. Lamming & ors. Variety concert leading W.I. artistes. Tkts 3s. 6d., 5s. & 7s. 6d. from 8 Secretan Rd, SE5.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 13 Apl.: 'The Happy Road' (U). From 14 Apl.: Gielgud, Brando, Mason in 'Julius Caesar' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Ekud Eight playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for Dancing. Today, 12 April, 8-11. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions have a wide range of French Impressionist paintings and water colours. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Closing 19 April. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day Sat. 10-6; Admission 1s.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Marcel Cardinal. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 3 May. 142 New Bond St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Tancredi – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 2 May. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings from Provence. 10 to 5.30, Sat. 10 to 1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East stn.

'PARIS-Londres'. Pictures recently acquired in France, by Degas, Fantin, Boudin, Vuillard, Utrillo, Braque, De Stael. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Taylor, Chapin, Pass. Till 25 April. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook Street, W1. Recent Watercolours and Drawings by Paul Hogarth. Monday to Friday, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. 31 March to 2 May.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Dora Maar – First Exhibition in England. Russell Drysdale – New Paintings of Northern Australia. 10-5. Sats 10-1.

LEONID Pasternak Memorial Exhibition opens in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, Mon. 14 April. Daily 10-4, Sun. 2-4.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. French pictures of the 19th & 20th Century. Bonnard, Boudin, Degas, Derain, Hayden, Maillol, Modigliani, Picasso, Redon, Nouault, Vuillard.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. 'The Christian Vision' Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture. Also Recent Paintings by William Henderson. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 26 April.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

WADDINGTON Galleries, House Exhibition, 17 Apr.-10 May. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

AIA 25th Anniversary Exhibition at RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, Pall Mall, SW1. Weekdays 10-5. Wed. & Fri. 10-7.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Print Exhibition and AIA picture draw.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Rec. Pntgs Julian Trevelyan. From 10 Apr.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. To be opened by Mme. Ginette Signac, 15 April. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFRICAN Forum—Dance and 'Freedom for Ghana' film show 11 April, 32 Percy St, W1. (Tot. Ct Rd). Adm. 3s.

ALTRINCHAM on 'Shaw & Monarchy', 25 Apl. 7 p.m. 3s. 6d. in advance only from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITIES AND LEFT REVIEW CLUB

'Nato, Neutralism & Survival'
E. P. Thompson.
Monday, 14 April, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus).
Beer, Spirits, Coffee.
Admission 2s. Members 1s.

ULR HISTORY GROUP

Sunday, 13 April, 7.30 p.m., at 7 Carlisle St. W1: E. P. Thompson on 'Commitment in History'. Adm. 2s. Members 1s.

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY

Socialist Union International Conference, Recital Room, Festival Hall, April 19-20. Speakers: Jayaprakash Narayan, Hugh Gaitskell, Willi Eichler and Orton Chirwa. A limited number of tickets are still available (conference fee for 4 sessions 10s.). Details from 447 Strand, WC2. COVent Garden 3341.

ENCORE—the Voice of Vital Theatre
'Theatre & the Left'
Doris Lessing, Joan Littlewood, Lindsay Anderson.
Sunday, 13 April, 7.30 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1.
3s. 6d.
ENCORE subscribers may book for 2s. 6d. (in advance only). Collect tickets at door.

WEA London District Rally, Bedford College NW1. Sat., 12 April, 3-11 p.m. Address by Prof. F. Zweig, Tea, Film Show, Dancing, Bargain Bkstall. Tkts. 5s. from WEA. 28 Woburn Sq, WC1. S.a.e. MUS. 5570.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship. Public Meeting. Jayaprakash Narayan (Indian Socialist) and Mr James Callaghan, MP, will be speaking on 'India Today'. Chairman Rt Hon Kenneth Younger, MP. Friday, 18 April, 7.30 p.m. At the Caxton Hall. Admission free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W8, Sun., 13 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. F. E. Lamond: 'Social Change and Religious Ideas'.

SUFI Service of Universal Worship. 3.30 Sunday, 13 April, 32 Tavistock Square, Euston. Discourse Arlo Tatum. Universal Centre & PPU Religion Commission.

SWAMI Ghanananda Sun. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. Tues. 15 April, 6.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Evolution of Indian Culture'. All welc.

THE Training of Character. Richard Peters, Ph.D. 11 a.m. Sun. 13 Apr. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 18 April, 8.30 p.m. The Swami Ghanananda, 'Ethics and Human Evolution'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns., Paddington, W2.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 17 Apr. 'The Nature of the Intellect'. Admission free.

50TH Anniversary meeting: National Peace Council, at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Wed. 30 April at 7.30 p.m. Speakers include Hugh Gaitskell, M.P., Jayaprakash Narayan, Dr Donald Soper, Rita Hinden. Admission free. Reserved tickets 1s. NPC, 29 Gt James Street, London, WC1.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on 'The Organisation Man'. Conway Hall, WC1. 16 April, 7.30 p.m.

'PSYCHO-analytic View of Intimate Problems'. Four lectures at Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, by Oscar Kölleritzm (trained by Groddeck) at 8.30 p.m. Silver collection. 29 April: 'Coming to Terms with Ourselves'. 13 May: 'Man's Problem with Woman'. 27 May: 'Woman's Problem with Man'. Particulars of a lecture on 'The Resolution of Problems' will be announced.

VICTORIAN Book Illustration: illus. lecture by David Bland, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave), Mon., 14 April, 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALAN Watts: 3 public lectures on Zen Buddhism. Caxton Hall, 23, 30 Apr 1, 2 May, 6.30 p.m. Tickets 5s. from the Sec., The Open Way, 37 Queen Anne St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Impact of American Art on Europe. Speakers: Sir William Coldstream, Bryan Robertson, Richard Smith, William Turnbull. Chairman: Stefan Munsing. Thursday, 17 April, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Green: The Historical Novel. Chair: Peter Vansittart. Tuesday, 15 April, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz: Mon. 14 April—programme cancelled.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 16 April, 6.30 sharp: 'Is Zen Nonsense?' J. Swann-Foster. Also Sat., 12 April, 3 p.m., Saturday Group: readings, discussion, tea—open to all. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West, 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. N.B.—23, 30 April, 2 May, Alan Watts at Caxton Hall. And don't forget the Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 August. Information TAT. 1313.

TYRONE Guthrie on 'The Illusion of Illusion' on Monday, 21 April, at 7.30 p.m., at the Institute of Education Theatre. In the Chair: Ivor Brown. Tickets from the British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 19 April at 6 p.m. Mme. Y. Le Gal-Taylor (Alliance Française): Voyages et tribulations d'une Française en Australie.

CONSEIL Feminin Anglo-Français meets monthly, 1st Tues., 4 p.m., French Institute, Queensberry Pl, SW7. Talks, Readings, Discns. Subs. 5s yrly. Sec.: MEA. 2007.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 18 April, 8 p.m. Lecture-recital: Songs of Tchaikovsky; Madame Lesko, Eric Richmond.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 13 April. Sevenfold Cosmos and Man. U.L.T., Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. Free booklet on request.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FILM Conference org. by Progressive League. 'Progressive Cinema'—Free, Captive, Scientific, etc. Week-end 25-27 April at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr Chichester. Speakers include: A. D. Whannel (BFI), Caryl Doncaster (ITV), Peter de Normanville (Scientific Film Award, Venice, 1957), Alex Jacobs. Films and discussion at all sessions. bkgs. with fee (£3 15s. inc.) to Philip Soper, 405 Russell Court, WC1. No single rooms.

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